

MERRY

SUNBEAMS



**CHARMING PICTURES,
PRETTY STORIES, FAIRY TALES,
POEMS, MERRY & WISE,
CHILDREN'S SONGS WITH MUSIC,
CHARADES, RIDDLES &c.&c.**

Victoria R.I.

COLLECTION

OF VICTORIAN BOOKS

808.837

AT

M5545

1876 BRIGHAM YOUNG

UNIVERSITY



BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



3 1197 22320 6381

705390 10.00 GB pounds
MERRY SUNBEAMS c 1876 Good/None A Pleasure-Book for
Music, Amusements and Riddles. Colour frontis showing 5 che
Numerous b/w engravings, some full-page. Blue decorated clo
damage to top and tail of spine. Rear cover slightly marked. A fe
Ward, Lock And Tyler



1876

710-

705290

MERRY SUNBEAMS.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Brigham Young University

<https://archive.org/details/merrysunbeamsple00ward>



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—THE ATTACK ON THE JAM-CUPBOARD.

M E R R Y S U N B E A M S.

A Pleasure-Book for Boys and Girls.

FULL OF

TALES AND STORIES, CHILDREN'S SONGS AND MUSIC,
AMUSEMENTS, RIDDLES,
&c., &c., &c.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED WITH FULL-PAGE AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER,
WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.



P R E F A C E .



LAST autumn the publishers of this volume brought out an Annual for children, under the title of "Golden Childhood." The plan followed in that volume was to include, in as great variety as possible, whatever might interest and amuse children—stories, descriptions of animals and birds, songs for the nursery, riddles, puzzles, and charades, and, above all things, plenty of pictures.

The success of the little book was so decided as to encourage the publishers to make it the first of a series, to be called the "Golden Childhood Annuals;" and the present book, "Merry Sunbeams," therefore makes its bow to the juvenile British public as the immediate descendant and successor of the "Golden Childhood" volume of last year.

In selecting and arranging the contents, care has been taken to include certain old favourites with which the

young folks of the present generation ought to be practically acquainted,—such as Miss Mitford's "Fanny's Fairings" and "Faithful Frisk," and Sir Walter Scott's "Laird of Ballengeich." In the articles and little essays generally it has been the endeavour to instruct as well as amuse; and, so far as the illustrations are concerned, we confidently hope we have hit the taste of our juvenile critics, both as to quantity and quality. And with these few words we commend to their notice these "Merry Sunbeams," with best wishes to them, every one.

WARWICK HOUSE,

October, 1876.



CONTENTS.

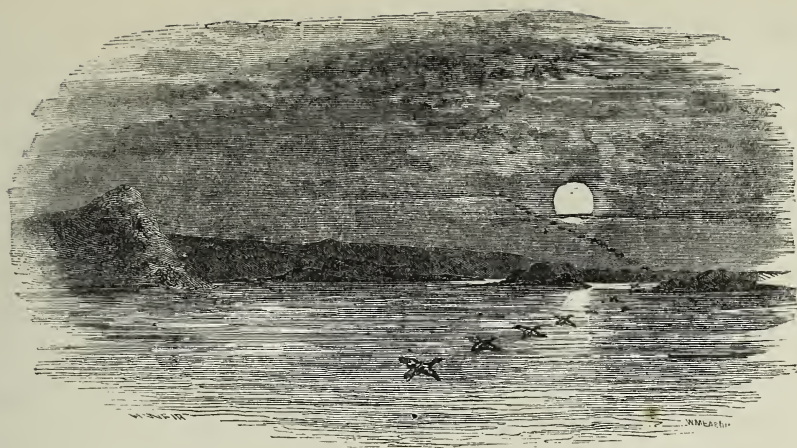
	PAGE.
THE SWEET HERBS	17
THE MERCHANT AND THE ROBBER	18
TOTTY'S JACKDAW	20
THE CHETAH, OR HUNTING LEOPARD	25
FANNY'S FAIRINGS	28
JACK, THE LAUGHING HYENA	39
TWO STORIES FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY	42
FAITHFUL FRISK	51
SETTING THE WATCH	59
THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING	63
THE BRAVE MEN OF CALAIS	64
AN EVENING PRAYER (Music)	68
FRIENDSHIP	70
THE LETTER FROM HOME	71
THE PEAR-TREE	76
SPRING	78
WINTER (Music)	80
DRINKING THE WATERS	82
THE SNOW MAN	84

	PAGE.
THE MORNING MISTS (Music)	94
NUMBER ONE	97
THE BEAR	99
A POETIC CHARADE	101
SOMETHING TO GUESS	103
THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN (Music)	104
FROM BEYOND THE GREAT SEA	107
CONTENTMENT	113
THE LATE SPRING (Music)	116
THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE	118
ABOUT TAHITI	119
THE FLY (Music)	122
THE BEAUTIFUL PURPLE FRUIT	125
"DON'T BE TOO CLEVER"	126
PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL	130
WED-LOCK: AN ACTING CHARADE	141
THE STORY OF ANDROCLES	153
OFF AGAIN TO SEA	157
WHAT IS THIS?	159
TO A ROBIN IN WINTER (Music)	160
A CHARADE ABOUT A SHIP	162
OLD BEN OF YARMOUTH	165
A POETIC CHARADE	168
THE GREENFINCH AND THE NIGHTINGALE	169
THE MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG	170
A POETIC CHARADE	172
LOUISA MANNERS	173

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE CHICKENS	189
WHAT WILL THE DOGS THINK?	191
THE APPLE	192
THE GILDED WALNUTS	195
A GOLDEN RULE	197
TRUST IN GOD'S PROVIDENCE (Music)	198
MAIDENHOOD	201
THE MONEY BOX	202
THE GHOST	207
THE MONKEY	209
THE LION, THE APE, THE ASS, AND THE FOX	210
WOOL	213
THE ECHO	214
THE OLD SOW'S ADVICE	215
THE OTTER	217
LAPLAND	218
THE RIVER	221
EVENING	223
SOME FUN OUT OF OLD MAJOR	224
CHILD'S MORNING SONG (Music)	234
THE LIFEBOAT	236
ARABELLA HARDY	239
ABOUT MANILLA	253
ANGER—A LION AND A SERPENT	256
THE TWO DOLLS	257
THE SONG OF THE MILL	267
MR. JACKDAW'S PARTY	269

	PAGE.
POOR BOYS, AND WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR THEM	276
A CHARADE	280
THE THUNDERSTORM	281
THE WREN	284
THE SWINEHERD	286
THE WATER AND BREAD	296
A CHARADE	298
THE TREMENDOUS STORY OF TWO SAILORS AND A LION	301
THE GOOD FATHER	308
TOO LATE FOR THE CITY	312
A CHARADE	313
THE TRAGICAL STORY OF JAM-POT DAY	314
SOME THINGS WORTH NOTING THAT HAVE HAPPENED THIS YEAR	316





TO OUR LITTLE READERS.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

DEAR children, did you ever mark,
Some gloomy morn, when all seemed dark,
When dull and cloudy rose the day,
Through murky fogs and vapours grey—
When mists were shrouding vale and hill,
And e'en the little birds kept still—
As though they waited, one and all,
For some good thing that should befall,
Some gladd'ning presence to set free
Their gift of glorious melody ?
If suddenly that gloomy day,
There pierced the clouds a golden ray ;
And then the splendid sun on high
Shone forth in all his majesty ;

Then the dark forest shone with light,
And the dark river sparkled bright ;
And living creatures leaped and sprang,
And ev'ry bird full-throated sang ;
While all things in that mirthful hour
Confessed the "Merry Sunbeam's" power.

And thus, dear children, it befell
That we, who always love you well,
Who deem life's brightest, happiest ray
Shines forth for "Golden Childhood's" day,
Have gathered for you, here and there,
Some "Merry Sunbeams" bright and fair.

For still we've marked, where sunbeams fell
On noisy street or silent dell—
Through covert of the lonely glen—
Or in the crowded haunts of men—
Or on the infant's cradle-bed,
Or on the old man's hoary head ;
On want, on wealth, on joy, on pain,
God's Sunbeams shine not down in vain ;
But whereso'er their glance is given,
They speak of love, of joy, of Heaven.

And thus we've thought that while you look
Upon this little cheerful book,
(And pray you read it, little friend,
With patience due, from end to end),

You'll find, e'en as you read it through,
These "Merry Sunbeams" gladden you.
Where the dark winter's evening gloom
Is shut out from the curtained room,
And little clust'ring faces peer
Into the hearth-fire glowing clear,
Perhaps our book may yield a song
To shorten well the evening long,
And then the lay may be begun—
"Old Winter is a sturdy one."
And fresh young voices clear and bright
Will make e'en Winter beam with light.

Perhaps some day, when storm and rain
Knock loudly at the window-pane,
And when to find in vain you try
One break in all the leaden sky,
Some story in our book may throw
O'er the wet day a sunbeam's glow,
And haply may call forth, awhile,
On each small face a merry smile;
And though black clouds the sky may fill,
Among you there'll be Sunbeams still.

And as we ponder here to-day,
"Where may these 'Sunbeams' force their way?"
There comes a little wistful face,
With eyes that have a patient gaze,

The child whose face is wan and pale,
The child whose limbs are thin and frail,
Whose glance a wonder seems to speak
Why all are strong and he so weak ;
Who still seems yearning for that home,
Where One bade " little children " come.
Oh, if our little book may shed
One Sunbeam o'er the sick child's bed—
If tale or song have power, awhile,
To cause the patient face to smile—
Then have we truly gained our meed,
Then are these " Sunbeams " blest indeed.

Then take this book, with wishes true,
That it may still seem bright to you ;
That in its pages may be found
Good wholesome truth and maxims sound.
And as the sunbeams, shining forth,
Not only light up all the earth,
But also nourish seed and root,
To bring forth blossom, leaf, and fruit,
So may these " Merry Sunbeams," too,
Some fruit of knowledge bring for you ;
And hoping this may well befall,
We bid good-morrow to you all.



THE SWEET HERBS.



RICH gentleman, while hunting, was overtaken by a storm ; and he was obliged to take shelter in the nearest cottage.

When he entered, he found an old woman seated at a table ; and a child, her granddaughter, was bringing her a large basin of broth made of oatmeal gruel ; and by the door, on the step, were seated a group of children, with little porringers of the same broth before them. All were eating with hearty appetite, and their cheeks were round and fresh as apples.

“ How is it,” said the gentleman to their grandmother,

“that they can eat such coarse food with such an appetite ; and that with it they have such fresh colour and brilliant health ?”

The grandmother answered, “It results from three sorts of sweet herbs which I mix with their food. First, my grandchildren earn their dinner by working ; then I take care to give them nothing to eat between meals, so that they may be hungry when they come to meals ; and, lastly, I have accustomed them to be content with what they have, by never allowing them to know what dainties are.”

With labour, hunger, peace of mind,
In coarsest food true health you'll find.



THE MERCHANT AND THE ROBBER.



MERCHANT had gone on a journey, many miles from his home, to receive a sum of money which some one owed to him. When he had been paid, he put the money in a large leather case, and mounted his horse to return home.

As he rode through a wood, with his leather case behind him, the rain began to pour down in torrents, and presently he was wet to the skin ; never did he know it to have rained so hard in all his memory. Now it is not



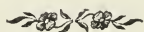
THE ROBBER AIMING AT THE MERCHANT.

pleasant to be wet through on a cold autumn day ; and the good man was inclined to grumble a little, and to think how unlucky it was that he should have such a bad day for his journey.

But in time he had almost passed through the wood, and was already thinking of his comfortable home, and how glad his wife and children would be to see him. Suddenly he descried a crouching figure behind a tree ; and, on looking again, found that it was a robber with a gun, taking aim at him. The merchant thought he should surely be killed ; but the rain had wetted the robber's gun so thoroughly, and the powder too, that it

would not go off; and the merchant rode forward as fast as he could, and escaped.

When he had got safely past the danger, and his own house was already in view, he said to himself—"What a foolish man was I to grumble at the rain, and think myself unfortunate because I had not a fine day for my journey! If the weather had been fine and dry, and that bad man's gun had gone off as he intended, I might now be lying dead, instead of riding home in safety to see my wife and children. In future I will remember that a man has no right to grumble at whatever happens, and that God knows better what is good for us than we can know it ourselves."



TOTTY'S JACKDAW.

A SIMPLE STORY.

WHAT a dear old fellow he was!
What a comical look he had!

This morning at five he was all alive,
And he's dead now— isn't it sad?

Many pets we have had at the farm,
But he was by far the best;
It was early last year father brought him here,
When he'd tumbled out of a nest.

All in the forest path
He lay by himself alone,
With ruffled quill, and with open bill,
Making a dismal moan.

So father brought him home,
Thus found in a dismal plight,
To be petted and fed with eggs and bread,
And then he began to bite.

And oh, how he could peck !
And oh, just didn't he fight !
And never a bird have I seen or heard
With such an appetite.

In the course of the day he had
Some sixteen meals or more—
Without counting, I mean, all the scraps between,
That he found on the kitchen floor.

He could say five words, I'm sure—
Oh, a clever bird was he ;
And I think he knew the alphabet through,
As well as well could be.

And they had to cut his wings,
So that he couldn't fly,
But merry was he, and we loved him all three,
Tommy, and Bob, and I.



"SO WE'LL BURY HIM IN THE FIELD,
TOMMY, AND BOB, AND I."

I'm sure he'd plenty to eat,
And fond of eating was he,
But cobbler's wax and two tin-tacks,
He might know they'd disagree.

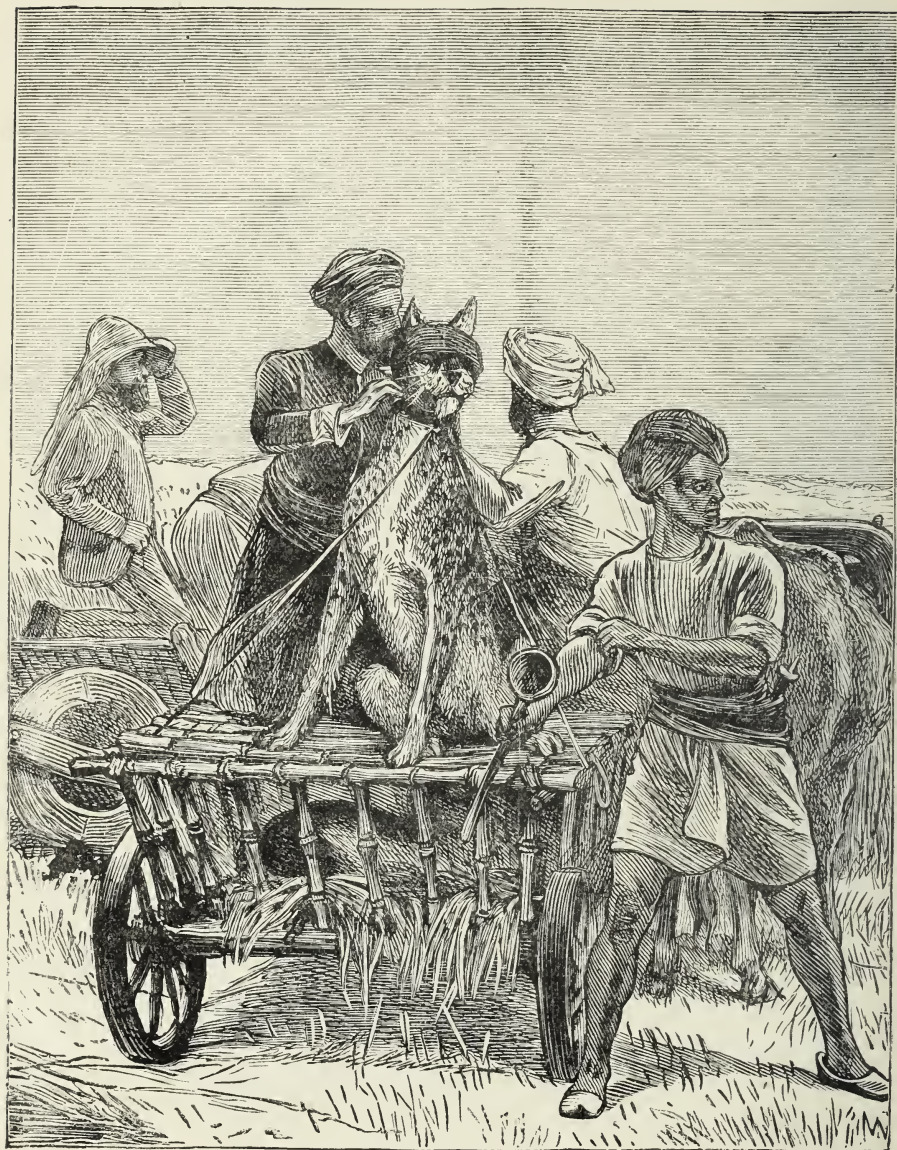
He tried to get them down,
But couldn't although he tried,
And that's how he croaked, and struggled, and
choked,
And turned on his back and died.

So we'll bury him in the field,
Tommy, and Bob, and I;
Poor little Dick, come pop him in quick,
Or I shall begin to cry.

And a tombstone he shall have,
Made out of my seaside pail,
To say how he sprang, and chattered, and sang,
And died of eating a nail.

H. W. D.





THE CHETAH, OR HUNTING LEOPARD.

THE CHETAH, OR HUNTING LEOPARD.



N most countries we hunt animals with dogs, and many of our young readers have doubtless seen a pack of hounds scouring over the fields after a stag or a fox, with the huntsmen, most of them in gay scarlet coats, riding behind the dogs. But in India, that wonderful country, antelopes and other animals are hunted by means of a kind of leopard.

The chetah, or hunting leopard of India, is smaller than the usual leopard, being about the size of a large dog. In its wild state it lives in the lower branches of the trees in the great forests. The chetah can be taught to hunt like a dog; and when it has been properly trained it is taken out for a day's hunting in the following manner:—

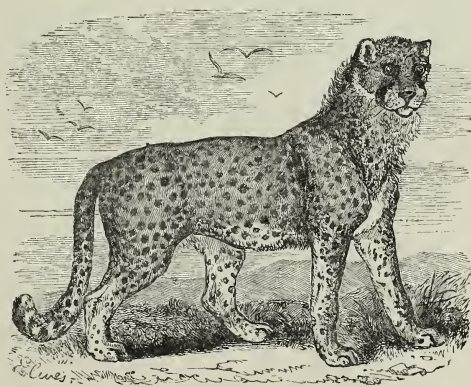
The chetah is placed in a kind of tumbrel or open cart, and generally fastened with a chain; for its temper is uncertain, and, like all the large cats, it never quite loses its savage nature. A hood is kept over its eyes, and it is carried along in the cart until some animal, generally an antelope, appears in view. Then the antelope is shown to the chetah, whose hood and chain have been taken off, and the hunting leopard at once starts off in pursuit of the prey. The antelope can run faster than the chetah, but it becomes so terrified at the sight of its fierce enemy



THE CHETAH PURSUING HIS PREY.

that it stumbles and totters and cannot exert its full speed. So in time the chetah comes up with the poor antelope, leaps on its back, and pulls it to the ground. Then the hunters come running up with the chetah's hood and chain, and entice it away from the fallen beast by giving it a piece of meat. Then it is led back to the cart by the chain, with the hood over its eyes, and is kept chained up till another antelope or deer appears, and the chetah again starts in pursuit of it.

The chetah requires to be carefully watched, like a savage dog, and would not be at all a good playmate for children.



THE MANED CHETAH.

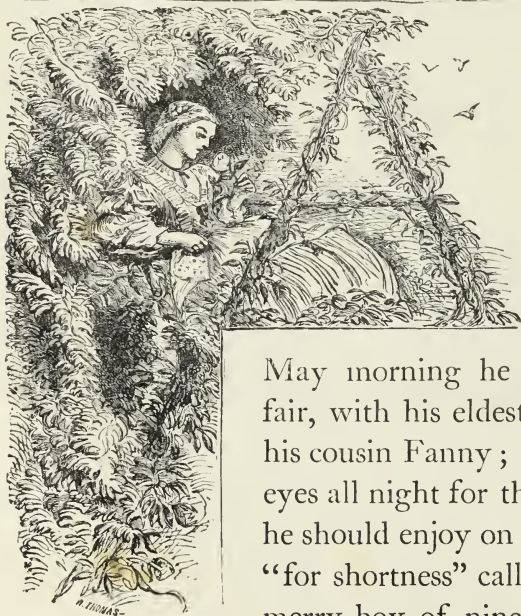


FANNY'S FAIRINGS.

(BY M. R. MITFORD.)

HAPPY boy was
Thomas Stokes, the
blacksmith's son, of
Upton Lea! Last

May morning he was to go to B——
fair, with his eldest brother William and
his cousin Fanny; and he never closed his
eyes all night for thinking of the pleasure
he should enjoy on the morrow. Thomas,
“for shortness” called Tom, was a lively,
merry boy of nine years old, rising ten,



as the horse-dealers say, and had never been at a fair in his life; so that his sleeplessness as well as the frequent soliloquies of triumphant "Ho! ho!" (his usual exclamation when highly pleased) and the perpetual course of broad smiles in which his delight had been vented for a week before, were nothing remarkable. His companions were as wakeful and happy as himself. Now that might be accounted for in his cousin's case, since it was also her first fair; for Fanny, a pretty, dark-eyed lass of eighteen, was a Londoner, and till she arrived that winter on a visit to her aunt had never been out of the sound of Bow bell; but why William, a young blacksmith of one-and-twenty, to whom fairs were almost as familiar as horseshoes—why he should lose his sleep on the occasion is less easy to discover—perhaps from sympathy. Through Tom's impatience the party were early astir; indeed, he had aroused the whole house long before day-break; and betimes in the forenoon they set forth on their progress; Tom in a state of spirits that caused him to say, "Ho! ho!" every minute, and much endangered the new hat he was tossing in the air; William and Fanny with a more concentrated and a far quieter joy. One should not see a finer young couple; he decked in his Sunday attire, tall, sturdy, and muscular, with a fine open countenance, and an air of rustic gallantry that became him well; she pretty and modest, with a look of gentility about her plain dark gown and cottage bonnet, and the little straw basket that she carried in her hand, which even more than her ignorance of tree, and bird, and leaf, and

flower, proclaimed her town breeding, although that



THEIR WAY LED THROUGH PLEASANT FOOTPATHS.—P. 15.

ignorance was such that Tom declared that, on her first arriving at Upton Lea, she did not know an oak from an

elm or a sparrow from a blackbird. Tom himself had yet to learn poor Fanny's excuses, how much oaks and elms resemble each other in the London air, and how very closely in colour, though not in size, a city sparrow approaches to a blackbird.

Their way led through pleasant footpaths ; every bank covered with cowslips and bluebells, and overhung with the budding hawthorn and the tasselled hazel ; now between orchards, whose trees, one flush of blossom, rose from amidst beds of daffodils, with their dark waving spear-like leaves and golden flowers ; now along fields newly sown with barley, where the doves and wood-pigeons, pretty innocent thieves, were casting a glancing shadow on the ground as they flew from furrow to furrow, picking up the freshly-planted grain ; and now between close lanes peopled with nightingales ; until at last they emerged into the gay high road, where their little party fell into the flood of people pouring on to the fair, much after the manner in which a tributary brooklet is lost in the waters of some mighty stream.

A mingled stream in good sooth, it was a most motley procession ! Country folks in all varieties, from the pink-ribboned maiden, the belle of her parish, tripping along so merrily, to the demure village matron, who walked beside her with a slow lagging pace, as if tired already ; from the gay Lothario of the hamlet, with his clean smock-frock and his hat on one side, who strutted along, ogling the lass in the pink ribbons, to the "grave

and reverend signor," the patriarch of the peasantry, with his straight white hair and his well-preserved wedding-suit, who hobbled stoopingly on, charged with two great-grandchildren—a sprightly girl of six lugging him forward, a lumpish boy of three dragging him back. Children were there of all conditions, from "mamma's darlings," in



MAMMA'S DARLINGS.

the coronet carriage—the little lords and ladies, to whom a fair was as yet only a "word of power," down to the brown gipsy urchins strapped on their mother's back, to

whom it was a familiar sight—no end to the children! no end to the grown people! no end to the vehicles! carts crammed as full as they could be stowed, gigs with



CARTS CRAMMED AS FULL AS THEY COULD HOLD.

one, two, three, and four inside passengers; waggonen laden with men instead of corn; droves of pigs, flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, strings of horses, with their several drovers and drivers of all kinds and countries—English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch—all bound to the fair. Here an Italian boy with his tray of images, there a Savoyard

with her hurdy-gurdy ; and lastly, struggling through the midst of the throng, that painful minister of pleasure, an itinerant showman, with his box of puppets and his tawdry wife, pushing and toiling and straining every nerve for fear of being too late. No end to the people ! no end to the din ! The turnpike-man opened his gate and shut his ears in despairing resignation. Never was known so full a May-fair.

And amongst the thousands assembled in the market-place at B—— it would have been difficult to find a happier group than our young cousins. Tom, to be sure, had been conscious of a little neglect on the part of his companions. The lectures on bird-science with which, on the journey, he had thought fit to favour Fanny (children do dearly love to teach grown people, and all country boys are learned in birds) had been rather thrown away on that fair damsel. William and she had walked arm-in-arm ; and when he tried to join them on one side, he found himself cast off, and when on the other let go. Poor Tom was, in fact, one too many in the party. However, he bore the affront like a philosopher, and soon forgot his grievances in the solid luxuries of tarts and gingerbread ; in the pleasant business of purchasing and receiving petty presents ; in the chatter, the bustle, and the merriment of the fair. Amidst all his delight, however, he could not but feel a little curiosity when William, having lured him to a stall, and fixed him there in the interesting occupation of selecting a cricket-ball, persuaded

Fanny to go under his escort to make some private purchases at the neighbouring shops. Tom's attention to his own important bargain was sadly distracted by



THE FAIR.

watching his companions as they proceeded from the linen-draper's to the jeweller's, and from the jeweller's to the pastrycook's; looking the whilst, the one proud and happy, the other shy and ashamed. Tom could not tell what to

make of it, and chose, in his perplexity, the very worst ball that was offered to him; but as he had seen their several parcels snugly deposited in the straw basket, he summoned courage to ask, point blank, what it contained; at which question Fanny blushed and William laughed; and on a repetition of the inquiry answered, with an arch smile, "Fanny's fairings." Now as Fanny had before purchased toys, and cakes, and such-like trifles for the whole family, this reply, and the air with which it was delivered, served rather to stimulate than to repress the vague suspicions that were floating in the boy's brain. A crowd, however, is no place for impertinent curiosity. Loneliness and ennui are necessary to the growth of that weed. If there had been a fair in Bluebeard's castle, his wives would have kept their heads on their shoulders; the blue chamber and the diamond key would have tempted in vain. So Tom betook himself to the enjoyment of the scene before him, applying himself the more earnestly to the business of pleasure, as they were to return to Upton Lea at four o'clock.

Four o'clock arrived, and found our hero, Thomas Stokes, still untired of stuffing and staring. He had eaten more cakes, oranges, and gingerbread than the gentlest reader would deem credible, and he had seen well-nigh all the sights of the fair—the tall man, and the short woman, and the calf with two heads; had attended the indoor horsemanship and the outdoor play, the dancing-dogs and two raree-shows; and, lastly, had visited and

admired the wonders of the menagerie, scraped acquaintance with a whole legion of parrots and monkeys, poked up a boa-constrictor, patted a lioness, and had the honour of presenting his blunderbuss to the elephant—although he was not much inclined to boast of this exploit, having been so frightened at his own temerity as to run away out of the booth before the sagacious but deliberate quadruped had found time to fire.

Not a whit tired was Tom. He could have wished the fair to last a week. Nevertheless he obeyed his brother's summons; and the little party set out on their return, the two elder ones again linked arm in arm, and apparently forgetting that the world contained any human being except their own two selves. Poor Tom trudged after, beginning to feel, in the absence of other excitement, a severe relapse of his undefined curiosity respecting Fanny's fairings. On walked William and Fanny, and after trudged Tom, until a string of unruly horses passing rapidly by threw the whole group into confusion: no one was hurt, but the pretty Londoner was so much alarmed as to afford her companion ample employment in placing her on a bank, soothing her fears, and railing at the misconduct of the horse-people. As the cavalcade disappeared the fair damsel recovered her spirits, and began to inquire for her basket, which she had dropped in her terror, and for Tom, who was also missing. They were not far to seek. Perched in the opposite hedge sat Master Tom, in the very act of satisfying his curiosity by

examining her basket, smiling and “Ho! ho”-ing with all his might. Parcel after parcel did he extract and unfold—first a roll of white satin ribbon—“Ho! ho!”—then a pair of white cambric gloves—“Ho! ho!” again—then a rich-looking, dark-coloured, small plum cake, nicely frosted with white sugar—“Ho! ho! Miss Fanny!” last of all a plain gold ring, wrapped in three papers, silver, white, and brown—“Ho! ho!” once more shouted the boy, twirling the wedding-ring on his own red finger, the fourth of the left hand —“so these are Fanny’s fairings! Ho! ho!—ho! ho!”





FEEDING THE HYENAS.

JACK, THE LAUGHING HYENA.

(WRITTEN IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.)

THE laughing hyena,
A lucky beast is he;
He's got a pleasant lodging,
As you will all agree.

The laughing hyena,
He learns no A B C,

And needn't tell what's twice two,
Or what is three times three.

The laughing hyena
Has nought to do but play,
And he has lots of visitors,
And fresh ones every day.

The laughing hyena
Is like the crocodile,
For he shows an open countenance
Whenever he doth smile.

The laughing hyena,
He cowers as he goes,
And he's green, glassy, staring eyes,
And a moist unpleasant nose.

The laughing hyena,
A greedy beast is he;
And when he sees his dinner
He screams aloud with glee.

The laughing hyena
Till dinner-time doth stay,
And then runs up and down his den
In a most impatient way.

The laughing hyena
Cracks bones full many a score,

And when he's crunched his dinner up
He always wants some more.

The laughing hyena
Goes foraging about—
Across his cage and round his cage,
And you'd best not let him out.

The laughing hyena,
He hunts his prey by night,
And down to sleep he lays him
With morn's returning light.

The laughing hyena,
He comes from far away,
And plenty more about him
I'll tell some other day.

H. W. D.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

TWO STORIES FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

I.

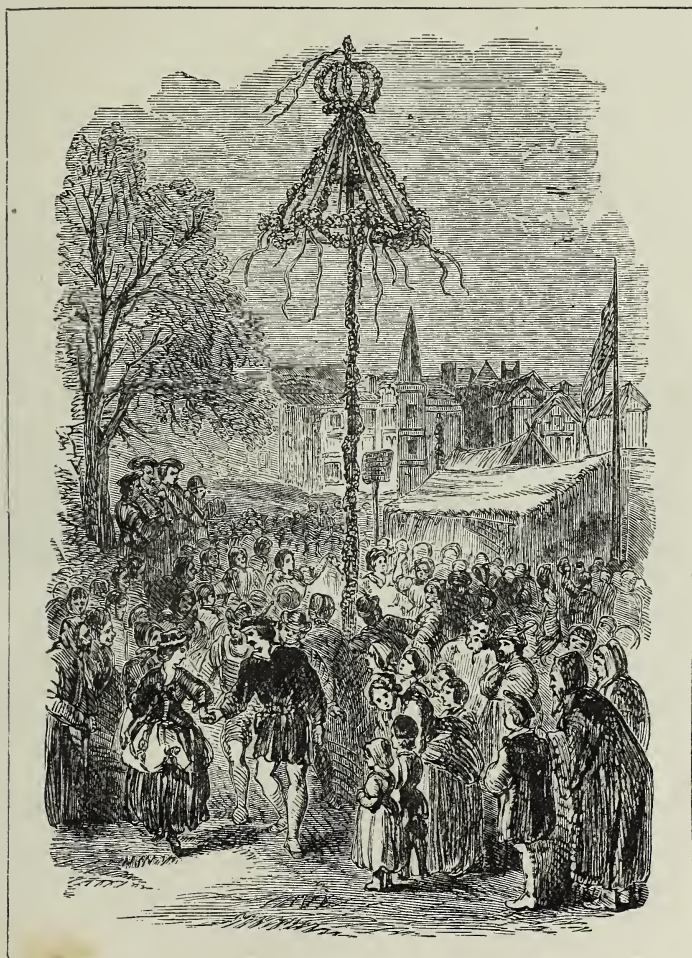
THE KING OF KIPPEN.



JAMES V., like his father James IV., had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps that he might enjoy amusements which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character. This is also said to have been a custom of James IV., his father, and several adventures are related of what befell them on such occasions. One or two of these narratives may help to enliven our book.

When James V. travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the King sent for some venison from the neighbouring hills. The deer was killed, and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals,

though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief,



A POPULAR FESTIVAL.

seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him

it belonged to King James, he answered insolently, that if



THE CASTLE GATE.

James was King in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was King in Kippen, being the name of the district in which the castle

of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened the King got on horseback, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the King

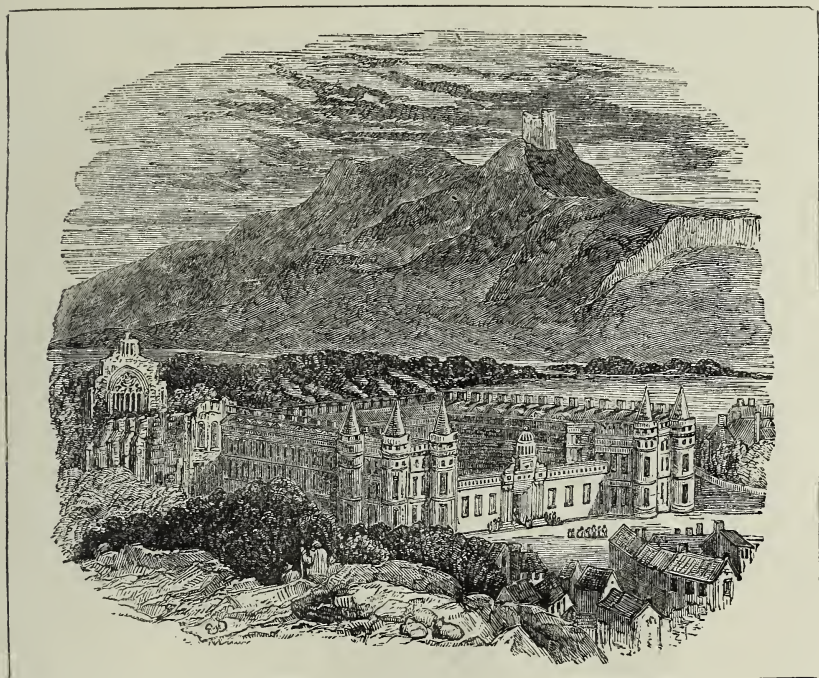


"THOUGH THEY HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH OF LIQUOR."—P. 43.

admittance, saying that the laird of Arnpryor was at dinner, and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the King, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen." The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master that there was a fellow with

a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words he knew that the King was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behaviour. But the King, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.





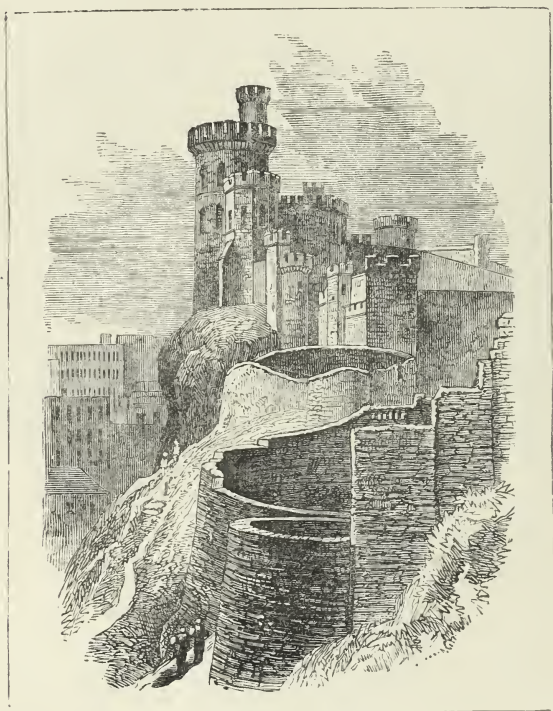
HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH (THE OLD RESIDENCE
OF THE SCOTTISH KINGS).

II.

THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH.

UPON another occasion King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gipsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so the King got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked.

There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and, seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the King's part with his flail, to such good



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

purpose that the gipsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the King into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the

way the King asked his companion what and who he was. The labourer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a labourer. He then asked the King in turn who he was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added that if John Howieson would come and see him on the next Sunday he would endeavour to repay his manful assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and appearing at a postern-gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The King had given orders that he should be admitted, and John found his friend, the Goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At length James asked his visitor if he should like to see the King; to which John replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The

Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the King would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?" "Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered; the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall which was filled by the nobility and officers of the Crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinguish the King. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said his conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked round the room, "it must be either you or me; for all but us two are bare-headed."

The King laughed at John's fancy, and that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present a ewer and basin, for the King to wash his hands, when his Majesty should come to Holyrood Palace, or should pass the bridge of Cramond. Accordingly in 1822, when George IV. came to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his Majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

SIR W. SCOTT.



FAITHFUL FRISK.

“BEG, Frisk, beg!” said little Harry Lewington as he sat in state on an inverted basket at his grandmother’s door discussing with great satisfaction a huge porringer

of bread and milk, whilst his sister Lucy, who had already despatched her breakfast, sat on the ground opposite to him, now twisting the long wreaths of the convolvulus



major into garlands, now throwing them away. "Beg, Frisk, beg!" repeated Harry, holding a bit of bread just out of the dog's reach; and the obedient Frisk squatted himself on his hind-legs and held up his fore-paws in patient supplication until it pleased Master Harry to bestow upon him the tempting morsel.

The little boy and the little dog were great friends, notwithstanding that Harry, in the wantonness of power, would sometimes tease and tantalise his poor pet more than a good boy should have done. Frisk loved him dearly, much better than he did Lucy, although Lucy gave him every day part of her breakfast without making him beg, and would tie pretty ribbons round his neck and



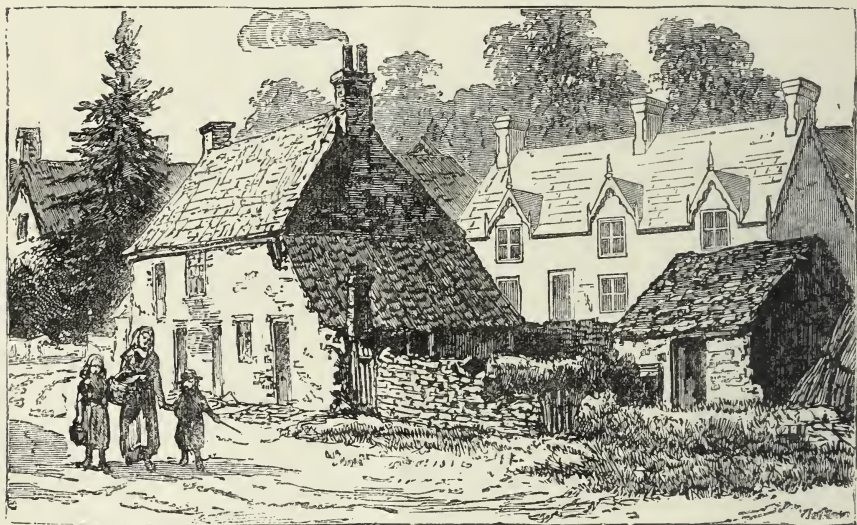
A STRAY DOG.

pat and stroke his rough head for half-an-hour together. Harry was Frisk's prime favourite, perhaps because the little dog, being himself of a merry disposition, liked the boy's lively play better than the girl's gentle caresses; perhaps because he recollected that Harry was his earliest patron and

firmest friend during a time of great trouble, quadrupeds of his species having a knack of remembering past kindness which it would do the biped called man no harm to copy.

Poor Frisk had come as a stray dog to Aberleigh. If he could have told his own story, it would probably have been a very pitiful one of distress and wanderings, of "hunger and foul weather," of kicks and cuffs, and all

"the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." Certain it is that he made his appearance at Mrs. Lewington's door in miserable plight, wet, dirty, and half-starved; that there he encountered Harry, who took an immediate fancy to him, and Mrs. Lewington, who drove him off with a broom; that a violent dispute ensued between the



HARRY'S HOME.

good dame and her grandson, Harry persisting in inviting him in, Mrs. Lewington in frightening him away; that at first it ended in Frisk's being established as a sort of outdoor pensioner, subsisting on odds and ends, stray bones, and cold potatoes, surreptitiously obtained for him by his young protector, and sleeping in the identical basket which, turned topsy-turvy, afterwards served

Harry for a seat ; until at length Mrs. Lewington, who had withstood the incessant importunities of the patron and the persevering humility of the client, was propitiated by Frisk's own doggish exploit in barking away a set of pilferers who were making an attack on the great pear-tree, and so frightened the thieves that they not only scampered off in all haste, but left behind them their implements of thievery, a ladder, two baskets, and a sack, the good dame being thus actually a gainer by the intended robbery, and so well satisfied with Frisk's conduct that she not only admitted him into her house, but considered him as one of her most vigilant and valuable inmates, worth all the watchmen that ever sprang a rattle.

The new guard proved to be a four-footed person of singular accomplishments. He could fetch or carry, either by land or by water, would pick up her thimble or cotton, if his old mistress happened to drop them, carry Lucy's little pattens to school in case of a shower, or take Harry's dinner to the same place with unimpeachable honesty. Moreover, he was so strong on his hind-legs, walked upright so firmly and gracefully, cut so many capers, and had so good an ear for music, that the more sagacious amongst the neighbours suspected him of having been at least the principal performer in a company of dancing dogs, even if he were not the learned dog Munito himself. Frisk and his exploits were the wonder of Aberleigh, where he had now resided a twelvemonth

(for August was come round again) with honour and credit to himself, and perfect satisfaction to all parties.

"Beg, Frisk, beg!" said Harry, and gave him, after long waiting, the expected morsel; and Frisk was contented, but Harry was not. The little boy, though a



GATHERING THE PEARS.

good-humoured fellow in the main, had fits of naughtiness which were apt to last all day, and this promised to be one of his worst. It was a holiday moreover, when he had nothing to do but to be naughty, and in the afternoon his cousins Susan and William were to come

and see him and Lucy, and the pears were to be gathered and the children to have a treat; and Harry, in his impatience, thought the morning would never be over, and played such pranks by way of beguiling the time—buffeting Frisk for instance, burning his own fingers, cutting the curls off his sister's doll's flaxen wig, and finally breaking his grandmother's spectacles—that before his visitors arrived—indeed, almost immediately after dinner—he contrived to get sent to bed in disgrace.

Poor Harry! There he lay sprawling, kicking, and roaring, whilst Susan, and William, and Lucy were happily busy about the fine mellow Windsor pears; William up the tree gathering and shaking, Lucy and Susan catching them in their pinafores, and picking them up from the ground; now piling the rich fruit into the great baskets that the thieves had left behind, and now, happy urchins, eating at discretion of the nicest and ripest; Frisk barking gaily amongst them as if he were eating Windsor pears too.

Poor Harry! He could hear all their glee and merri-ment through the open window as he lay in bed, and the storm of passion having subsided into a gentle rain of self-pity, there he lay weeping and disconsolate, a grievous sob bursting forth every now and then as he heard the loud peal of childish laughter, and thought how he should have laughed, and how happy he should have been, and wondered whether his grandmother would so far relent as to let him get up to supper, and whether Lucy would be

so good-natured as to bring him a pear. "It will be very ill-natured if she does not," thought Harry, and the poor boy's tears burst out anew. All on a sudden he heard a little foot on the stair, pit-a-pat, and thought she was coming. Pit-a-pat came the foot, nearer and nearer, and at last a small head peeped, half-afraid, through the half-open door. But it was not Lucy's head; it was Frisk's—poor Frisk, whom Harry had been teasing all the morning, and who now came into the room wagging his tail with a great pear in his mouth, jumped on the bed, and laid it in the little boy's hand.



HARRY AND FRISK.

SETTING THE WATCH.



YOU see what wonderful places London and our other great cities and towns are now; how many great houses there are, and how many shops, and long, broad streets well paved and properly cleaned and swept whenever they require it; and above all, how the streets and shops are all ablaze with gaslight after the evening has closed in, so that, be the night ever so dark, the man who drives a carriage and the man who walks on foot can alike find their way about the streets almost as well as if it were daylight.

Now in the old times, hundreds of years ago, this was not so. The streets of London and of all other towns were narrow and generally crooked, and the houses were high and stood very close together. There was no gas in the streets then, for nobody knew anything about gaslight. After the night came on there were very few people indeed in the streets. It was very difficult on dark nights to find one's way, and, moreover, it was dangerous to go about except in companies of some six or eight men together, for thieves and robbers and other wicked men prowled about, and would rob and ill-treat any traveller who came in their way.

So to guard the city a company of men called the watch used to go about the streets, and every evening at nightfall the watches were set—that is to say, the companies

of men were called together, and they marched through the streets with weapons and torches, and sometimes with



SETTING THE WATCH.

cressets, or pans of burning coal, carried at the ends of poles; and when they met any ill-looking people loitering about or lurking in corners, they either sent them away,

or, if they thought these people had been doing anything wrong, they took them off to the guard-house and kept them prisoners till they knew more about their doings. And thus the safety of the city was provided for at night.

At one time it was ordered that at every house-door a lighted lantern should be hung out, for it was thought that the lighter the streets were the less chance there would be of robbery and other evil doing.

So a watchman used to go with his horn through the streets at evening, crying as he went—

“Lantern, and a whole candle light,
Hang out your lights—hear.”

And when the people heard that they came to the doors with their lanterns; but a dozen of these did not give so much light as a single gas-lamp gives now.





THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

As sung by Mr. ANGUS ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, dealer in tea, coffee, pepper, snuff, and vinegar, as he marched before the Pipers of Her Majesty's forty-second regiment through the streets of Portsmouth, some time ago, on their return from the campaign in Ashantee.

THE Campbells are coming, ye see, ye see,
The Campbells are coming, with glee, with glee;
They're bold and they're steady, for duty aye ready,
Just look at the laddies—and look at me!

We've been to far Afric's woods, ye see,
To fight the black monarch of Ashantee—
A terrible fellow, with an awful umbrella,
And his name it was Koffee Calcallee.

Ho! stop your grinning, young boy, d'ye see.
What d'ye say?—"I wasn't there actually"—
Well, I'd business enough to be selling my snuff,
So you're not to be casting that up to me.

So here we go marching on, ye see,
Success to the Campbells—who but we?
I belong to the clan, so I march in the van,
And we march through the town triumphantly.

The Campbells are coming, ye see, ye see,
The Campbells are coming, with glee, with glee;
They're bold and they're steady, for duty aye ready,
Just look at the laddies—and look at me!

THE BRAVE MEN OF CALAIS.



DARESAY you all know that Calais is the name of a town in France, and that Calais lies on the seashore and is the town in France that is nearer to England than any other. Now I am going to tell you a story of what happened in Calais a very long time since. It is a story about some brave men, and it is good that we should all of us hear such stories and remember them that we may know what great and brave things the people did who lived in the old, old times. Well, more than five hundred years ago a King of England, Edward the Third by name, who was a brave man and a very skilful soldier, led an army into France and won a great battle at Crecy. The battle of Crecy is one of the most famous the English ever gained, and you will hear and read more about it by-and-by. When King Edward had gained this great victory he wanted to take the town of Calais from the French; and so he besieged it—that is to say, he drew up his army all round the walls of the town, so that nobody could go into the town or come out of it; so the people of Calais could get no provisions because of the English army that lay round about their walls, and in time their food began to fail, so that nobody had enough to eat; and at last they all grew so wretched and ill for want of food that they knew not what to do.

Now when King Edward had been for many months trying to capture the town of Calais without being able to do so he became very angry, and he declared that when



THE BURGESSES OF CALAIS IN THE ENGLISH CAMP.

the town fell into his power he would kill all the inhabitants for resisting him so long. When, therefore, the citizens of Calais were able to hold out no longer because

they had nothing left to eat, they were in great distress, and sent to King Edward to implore him to have mercy upon them and their town. In reply, King Edward sent



BATTLE OF CRECY.

them word that if six of the principal citizens would come into the English camp with ropes round their necks, like criminals who were going to be hanged, and would thus

submit themselves to the King's power, and suffer what punishment he thought fit to inflict on them, he would spare the other citizens of Calais.

Then there was great sorrow and weeping in the good town of Calais, for the citizens feared that they would all be killed by Edward and his army. But a brave man named Eustache de St. Pierre stepped forward, and said he would be the first to deliver himself up to King Edward for the sake of saving his fellow-citizens; and then another brave townsman stepped forth and said he would go with Eustache, and another and another joined the first two, until there were six who were ready to go forth; and as for the other citizens, they wept and were very sad, for they thought they should never see their brave fellow-townsmen again.

So Eustache de St. Pierre and his five companions went into the English camp and humbly presented themselves before King Edward. That monarch at first refused to listen to anything in their favour, and ordered that the brave men should be taken away and hanged forthwith. But the good Queen Philippa, who had most prosperously and wisely managed her husband's affairs while Edward was absent from England, had just arrived in the camp, and she threw herself at the King's feet, and pleaded so earnestly for the condemned men that Edward at last yielded to her wishes and pardoned the citizens; and they for their part returned to Calais well pleased, after having been feasted by the good Queen Philippa.

An Evening Prayer.

(ANCIENT MELODY.)

Not too slow.

Adapted by ARTHUR O'LEARY.

1. Be - fore I close my eyes in sleep, Lord,

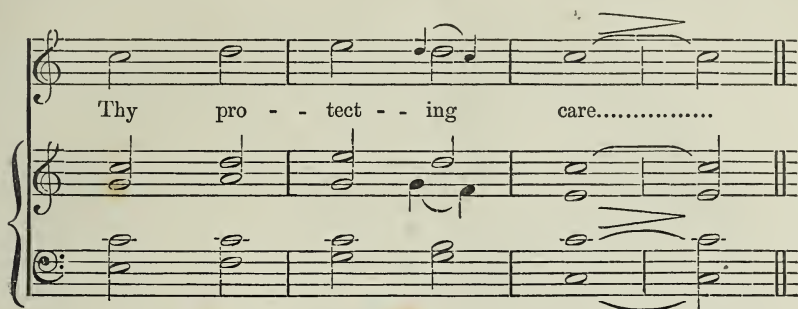
The first system of music features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. Be - fore I close my eyes in sleep, Lord,".

hear my ev' - - ning prayer,..... And

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a crescendo hairpin and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "hear my ev' - - ning prayer,..... And".

deign a help - less child to keep, With

The third system concludes the phrase. The vocal line has a crescendo hairpin. The lyrics are: "deign a help - less child to keep, With".



2.

Thy goodness gives each simple flower
 Its scent and beauty too ;
 And feeds it in night's darkest hour
 With heaven's refreshing dew.

3.

The little birds that sing all day
 In many a leafy wood,
 By Thee are clothed with plumage gay,
 By Thee supplied with food.

4.

And when at night they cease to sing,
 By Thee protected still,
 Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
 Secure from every ill.

5.

Thus may'st Thou guard with gracious arm
 The bed whereon I lie,
 And keep a child from every harm
 By Thy all watchful eye.

6.

For night and day to Thee are one ;
 The helpless are Thy care ;
 And for the sake of Thy dear Son,
 Thou hear'st my childish prayer.



FRIENDSHIP.

SMALL service is true service, while it lasts ;
Of friends, however humble, spurn not one ;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

THE LETTER FROM HOME.

OOK at the Australian emigrant reading his letter. Observe how intent he is upon it, and how he reads every word over and over again, although he has read the letter so often already that he knows it by heart. This is John Craddock, and I will tell you his story.

Five years ago John Craddock was a well-to-do farmer in the West of England. He was a happy and a contented man, and thought himself fortunate in having a good wife and a stout healthy son, eight years old, and a dear little daughter of five. But it was God's will that he should lose both his wife and his son in one year. They fell ill of a fever and died, and after that everything seemed to go wrong with poor John Craddock. He was himself ill for a long time, and unable to look after his farm as he had done when he was in health. Most of his cows and oxen and sheep died, and he had to sell the rest to pay his rent; and at last he could keep on his farm no longer. So he sold off everything, and resolved to try again, in a far-distant land across the sea. And thus he took passage in a large ship, which bore him away many thousand miles from home across the great ocean. Now as Australia is such a very large country, he hopes in time to get back what he has lost, and to be a well-to-do man



THE LETTER FROM HOME.

once more. And what do you think will be one of the very first things he will do when he has begun to lay by money? Why, he will send for his dear little daughter Mary, whom he has been obliged to leave behind in England, for she would never be able to bear the hard life he is obliged to lead at first; so he has thought it best to leave her with kind friends in England, who will take care of Mary until he has a home for her. But however kind they may be to her, and however grateful the little girl may feel towards them, these friends can never make her forget that her dear father is far away. It is she who has written this letter to him that he is reading so earnestly; and in the evening, when the work of the day is done and all is quiet, she loves to steal out alone into the fields and sit quietly down and watch the sun setting amid the beautiful crimson and gold clouds while she thinks of the dear father in Australia, and she wonders what he is doing and what he thinks of her letter, and how long it will be before she sees him again. And when she goes home Mary Craddock will be very quiet and rather sad for a time, and I do not know but that there will be tears in her eyes when she creeps quietly to bed.

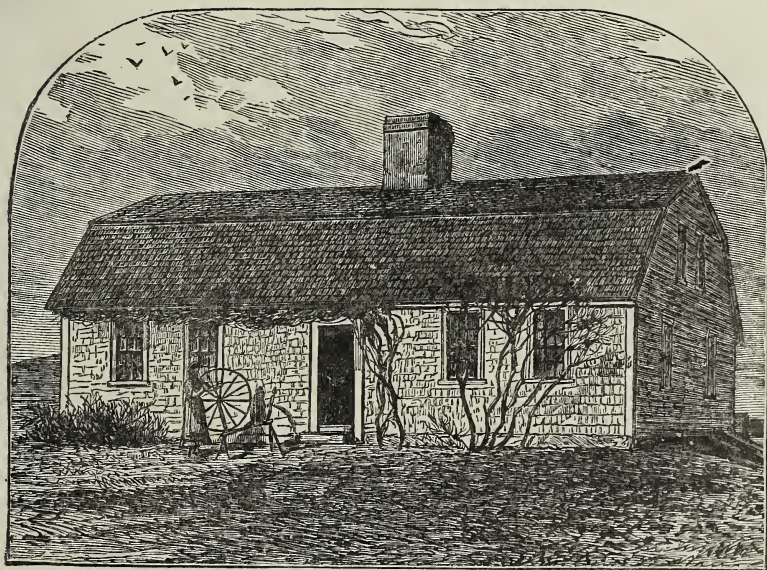
Meanwhile her father still stands in his poor hut reading his daughter's letter. Poor fellow, you can see it has been but a rough time with him. His clothes are almost in tatters, and there is no neat little Mary near him to mend them for him now. His dog seems to understand him and looks up wistfully in his face, and I am



LITTLE MARY CRADDOCK.

not sure but that his thoughts may be as sad to-night as his little girl's.

But courage, good father and good daughter ! Brighter and better times will come. John Craddock is already beginning to prosper, and in a few months there will be a welcome letter despatched, with money in it, to tell Mary that she is to have new clothes and all things needful bought for her, and is to come to her dear father, to take care of him and help him in all things. And what a happy little Mary she will be then !



THE EMIGRANT'S HOME.

THE PEAR - TREE.

THERE are many ways by which a man may earn his bread in the world, but one great thing is to work hard in his calling whatever that may be. Many a man will waste his time at the alehouse while his neighbour is working in the field; and if he does this he has no right to wonder



THE VILLAGE ALEHOUSE.

that he is not so well off at the end of the year as the man who has been at work while he was idling. And now I will tell you a story about this which will help you to remember it.

An honest old countryman sat in the shade of the great pear-tree before his house. His grandchildren were feasting on some of the pears, and could not sufficiently praise their sweetness, for they were very good indeed.

Then said their grandfather, "Surely I must tell you how the tree came here. More than forty years ago I was once standing where at that time was an empty space, just where the tree stands; and I complained to my rich neighbour of my poverty. 'Ah,' I said, 'I would be contented if I could only say I was worth a clear twenty pounds.'

"My neighbour, who was a sensible man, said, 'You can do that without difficulty if you know how to begin right. See here, on this little spot where you stand are more than twenty pounds hidden in a hole. Only labour so that you may bring them out.'

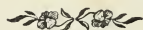
"I was at that time only a simple young lad, so on the following night I dug a great hole in the ground; but, to my vexation, could not find a single shilling.

"In the morning, when my neighbour saw the hole, he laughed till he held both his sides, and said, 'O you foolish boy! This is not what I meant. But now I will give you a young pear-tree; set it in the hole you have made, and after some years the pounds will grow out of the earth for you.'

"I planted the young stem in the earth. It grew, and has become the great noble tree that you now see before your eyes. The valuable fruit that it has now for

many years borne has already brought me more than twenty pounds, and it still remains a capital which produces an abundant interest. I have, therefore, not forgotten the saying of my sensible neighbour ; do you remember it also :

“ Arise betimes, and work thy fill,
And Heaven will grant a blessing still.”



SPRING.

THE spring—she is a blessed thing !
She is the mother of the flowers ;
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of our reveries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

Up ! let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air ;
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has open'd to the bee—
And health, and love, and peace are there.

MARY HOWITT.



OLD WINTER—(see next page).

“Old Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he’s made of,

His flesh is firm as ironstone,
There’s nothing he’s afraid of.”

Winter.

(TUNE OF "THE VICAR OF BRAY.")

Words by H. W. DULCKEN.

Adapted by ARTHUR O'LEARY.

With vigour.

1. Old Winter is a sturdy one, And lasting stuff he's made of; His

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The melody begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The piano accompaniment also starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics '1. Old Winter is a sturdy one, And lasting stuff he's made of; His' are written below the vocal staff.

flesh is firm as ironstone, There's nothing he's a - fraid of. He

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal staff ends with a double bar line and a fermata. The piano accompaniment continues. The lyrics 'flesh is firm as ironstone, There's nothing he's a - fraid of. He' are written below the vocal staff. The system concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking on both the vocal and piano staves.

spreads his coat up - on the heath, Nor yet to warm it lingers; He

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal staff ends with a double bar line and a fermata. The piano accompaniment continues. The lyrics 'spreads his coat up - on the heath, Nor yet to warm it lingers; He' are written below the vocal staff. The system concludes with a forte (f) dynamic marking on the piano staff.

scouts the thought of ach-ing teeth, Or chil-blains on his fin - gers.

2.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing,
 Full little cares or knows he ;
 He hates the flow'rs, he hates the Spring,
 And all that's warm and cosy.
 When frost is splitting stone and wall,
 And trees come crashing after,
 That hates he not, he loves it all,
 Then bursts he out in laughter.

3.

And when the foxes bark aloud
 On frozen lake and river,
 When round the fire the people crowd,
 And rub their hands, and shiver,
 Then from the north he's hither hied
 To show his strength and power ;
 And when he comes we stand aside,
 And look at him, and cower.

DRINKING THE WATERS.



O you see what these good people are doing? They are standing at the door of a spring or well, and from beneath the door of this well there pours forth, as from a drinking fountain, a stream of water. Now this water is not like ordinary water that we drink to quench our thirst when we are hot and thirsty. It has in it a quantity of iron or sulphur or of some other thing that can be taken as medicine, and that will do people good when they are ill. So these good people who are standing around ladling up this water with their long ladles are going to "take the waters"—that is, they will drink so many glasses apiece of this water every day, perhaps for four or five weeks, so that it may do them good; though, to tell the truth, they do not any of them look very ill, or as if they wanted anything in particular to make them well. Even the little girl is to have some of this water, and she is holding up her hand for the glass. If she takes the draught without making a wry face she is a good little girl indeed, for most mineral waters have a very unpleasant taste. The old city of Bath was noted many hundred years ago for its hot mineral springs, which have cured many thousands of people who were ill; and so in the ancient times it was called Akemanceastre, which means the city of aching or ailing men, for many left their aches or pains behind them at Bath, as I hope my young friends may do if they ever have to visit that or any other city to "take the waters."



DRINKING THE WATERS.



THE SNOW MAN.

“**OW** amazingly cold it is! My whole body chips and cracks,” said the snow man. “The wind is enough to blow one’s life out. And how that red thing up there stares!” He meant the sun, which was just about to set. “It shall not make me wink. I shall hold fast to my pieces.”

By his “pieces” he meant two three-cornered pieces of slate which were meant for his eyes; his mouth was made out of an old broken rake, so he had plenty of teeth.

He was born amid the joyous shouts of the boys, the ringing of sleigh-bells, and cracking of whips.

The sun set; the moon rose full and clear in the thin, blue air.



“There it comes on the other side,” said the snow man; “there is the sun again. I have broken it of staring, that is one good thing. It can hang and shine for me to see myself. I wish I knew how to walk about; I should very much like to move on a little. If I could, I would go and slide among the boys yonder; but I cannot understand how they manage it.”

“Bow-wow!” barked the old yard-dog; he could not bark very loud, for he had caught a dreadful cold when he was a house-dog and slept by the stove, and it made him extremely hoarse. “Bow-wow! The sun will soon teach you how to move on. I saw that last winter when the one before you was here, and the winter before that when the one before him was here. They have all moved on.”

“I don’t understand you, my good fellow,” said the snow man. “Is that thing up there going to make me move on? Why, it ran away itself when I looked it firmly in the face; and now it creeps up again on the other side.”

“You know nothing,” said the yard-dog; “how can you when you are only just built up? That is the moon, and the one which went away is the sun; it will be here again to-morrow, and then it will soon teach you how to run about. The weather is going to change—I know that by the pain in my left hind leg—the weather is going to change.”

“I can’t understand him,” said the snow man; “but I have an instinct that he is saying something disagreeable. The thing that shone so, the sun, as he calls it, is not my friend. I feel sure of that.”

“Bow-wow!” said the yard-dog. He walked three times round himself and lay down to sleep in his kennel.

The weather really did change. Towards morning a damp mist lay on the earth; the icy wind blew, the frost

nipped one to the bone ; but when the sun rose who can describe the splendour ? Tree and shrub were covered with rime frost, and looked like silver coral, the branches all bestrewn with sparkling blossoms. All the delicate



A COMPANY OF CAROL SINGERS.

tracery hidden by the thick leaves in summer now stood out sharp and clear, a perfect lace-work woven in silver gossamer. The birches waved in the wind ; and when

the sun shone out it threw a glory over the whole scene, growing brighter and brighter till earth and trees seemed strewn with diamond-dust or sprinkled with myriad tiny flames clearer than the snow itself.

"How wonderfully beautiful!" exclaimed a young girl; "the summer itself can show us nothing lovelier than this."

She was standing by the snow man and looking out upon the feathery trees.

"Yes," said the young man at her side; "and in summer one doesn't get such a fellow as this to look at. He is a jolly snow man."

The girl laughed. She nodded at the snow man; and then the young man seized her round the waist and they danced across the dry, powdery snow.

"Who are those two?" said the snow man to the yard-dog. "You have been longer in the yard than I: do you know them?"

"I should think I do," said the yard-dog. "She has often stroked me, and he has given me bits of meat. I don't bite either of them."

"But what are they?" asked the snow man.

"Lovers," said the yard-dog. "They will go into one kennel and eat of one bone. Bow-wow!"

"Are they the same sort of creatures that we are, you and I?" asked the snow man.

"They belong to our masters," said the dog. "Really, it is astonishing how ignorant people are when they are

only a day old ! I see that by yourself. I have both age and experience ; I know all the people in the house, for I have not always been shut out in the cold. Bow-wow !”

“ The cold is delightful,” said the snow man. “ Tell



THEY WILL EAT OF ONE BONE. BOW-WOW !—P. 88.

me some more ; but don't rattle your chain, for it makes me crack.”

“ Bow-wow !” said the yard-dog. “ I was a pretty little puppy ; I lived on a satin cushion in an arm-chair at the house up yonder. My mistress nursed me, stroked me, and called me her dear, sweet Ami. Ami was my name. But I grew too big, and they gave me to the

housekeeper, and I came down into the kitchen. You can see into the room from where you stand. It was not so grand as the upstairs rooms, but it was much more comfortable. I had as good food, nay, even better than I had before; and there were no children to tease me. Above all, I could creep under the stove. It was the happiest time of my life. I dream of the stove now—bow-wow !”

“Is the stove so beautiful, then ?” asked the snow man.
“Is it anything like me ?”

“It is just the opposite of you. It has a long neck, and it is as black as jet. It eats coal and wood till the fire flashes from its mouth. You are obliged to keep on one side of it; indeed, it is pleasantest of all to creep right underneath it. You can see it from where you stand.”

The snow man looked in at the window and saw before it a tall, polished object, black as jet, with fire glowing within. A sudden feeling came over it, which it could not account for or explain. Other people, who are not snow men, know the feeling only too well.

“How could you leave her ?” exclaimed the snow man. It felt certain that the object belonged to the female sex. “How could you leave such a place ?”

“I was obliged to,” said the yard-dog; “they turned me out of doors and tied me up. I had bitten the youngest son in the leg. He would always take away my bones from me; and bone for bone was my idea.

However, they resented it deeply, and from that day to this I have been tied up. Listen how hoarse I am—bow-wow! I have quite lost my proper voice—bow-wow!”

But the snow man was paying no attention. He stood gazing into the kitchen at the stove. There it stood on its four brass feet; it was exactly the same height as the snow man.

“How strange I feel!” thought the snow man. “Shall I never get in there? I must go in. It is an innocent wish, and surely our innocent wishes will be granted! I must go in and lean against her, even if I have to break the window.”

“You will never get in there,” said the yard-dog; “and if you were to come near the stove there would be an end of you.”

“I believe I am breaking up,” sighed the snow man.

The whole day through the snow man stood gazing in at the stove; the room looked more inviting than ever in the dusk; a mild radiance shone from the stove; not like the sun, nor like the moon, but with a lustre such as only a stove can give when it is cooking something nice to eat. Whenever the door opened the flame leaped out of its mouth—that was an old habit. The glow fell across the white face of the snow man, and cast a ruddy tint upon its heart.

“I cannot bear it,” said the snow man. “How beautiful she is!”

The night was long, but the snow man was not

lonely. It stood sunk in its own deep thoughts, and froze till it cracked again.

In the morning the kitchen windows were frosted with the loveliest flowers and crystals. The snow man owned their beauty, but then they hid the stove. The panes would not thaw. Everything was freezing as hard as it could. It was such a frost as ought to have rejoiced a snow man's heart. But the snow man could not rejoice. What was the frost to him? He was suffering from stove-sickness.

"That is a dangerous disease for a snow man," said the yard-dog. "I have suffered from it myself, but I have got over it—bow-wow! We shall have a change in the weather."

The frost broke up. It began to thaw.

The thaw increased; the snow man diminished. It did not complain, but that is the worst possible sign.

One morning it broke up altogether. But something that looked like a broom-handle was still left standing.

"That explains all," said the yard-dog. "Now I see why it suffered from stove-sickness. That is the raker which they use to clean out the stove. The snow man had the stove-raker in its body. Well, it is all over now—bow-wow!"

And it was soon all over with the winter also. "Bow-wow!" barked the yard-dog hoarsely.

But within the house the children sang—

“The leaves are green ! come out to play,
The willow wears her gloves to-day ;
Cuckoo and lark together sing,
For February brings the spring.
Cuckoo ! Tra-la ! so runs their strain ;
Oh, golden sun, shine out again !”

And not one of them thinks of the snow man.



The Morning Mists.

(TUNE OF "POOR MARY ANNE.")

Words by R. SOUTHEY.

Adapted by ARTHUR O'LEARY.

Moderate time.

1. Look, children, how the morning mists Have cover'd all the scene; Nor

house, nor hill canst thou behold, Grey wood, or meadow green. The
grey wood

cres.
distant spire a - cross the vale These floating vapours shroud; Scarce

cres.

p

are the neighbouring poplars seen, Pale shadow'd in the cloud.

mf *dim.*

2.

But see you, children, where the mists
 Sweep o'er the southern sky,
 The dim effulgence of the sun
 That lights them as they fly?
 Soon shall that glorious orb of day
 In all his strength arise,
 And roll along his azure way,
 Through clear and cloudless skies.

3.

Then shall we see across the vale
 The village spire so white,
 The grey wood and meadows green
 Shall live again in light.
 So, children, from the moral world
 The clouds shall pass away,
 The light that struggles through them now
 Shall beam eternal day.



NUMBER ONE.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL WARD.

I'LL sing you a song of a wary chield,
And his name it was Number One;
He'd back himself against all the field,
Would that same Number One.

O he had a rule by which he'd ruled
All acts that he had done;
By which he had the world befooled,
And that rule was Number One.

Not that it truly could be said,
No kindly acts he'd done;
He often had—but always made
Them second to Number One.

Nay, for other folks he'd even prayed
Good might to them be done;
But never that they should be made
Equal to Number One.

And thus he prospered all his days,
Till this life's race was run;
Despite of these his selfish ways,
Did this same Number One.

But yet at last his time was o'er,
And all his deeds were done;
Death walked one day within his door,
And wanted Number One.

But worst of all, I've heard it said,
That not a friend he'd won;
And when 'twas known that he was dead,
None wept for Number One.

Now the moral, friends, I'd have you feel,
As this my song is done,
Is to think more of each other's weal,
And less of Number One.





THE BEAR.



BEAR of a prodigious size inhabited a dark, thick, gloomy forest. Hubert and Eustace, two hunters who did not know their trade very well, heard speak of this bear, and said to each other, "We will soon catch this fellow."

Every day they went to the forest to watch for the bear. In the evening they returned to the inn where they

had put up; and although they had no money, they always ate a good supper and drank of the best wine. "The skin of the bear," they said to the innkeeper, "will be more than sufficient to pay our reckoning."

One day as they watched in the forest they saw the bear advance towards them, growling in a terrible manner.

Hubert took aim and fired; but he was so frightened that he missed his shot, whereupon he nimbly climbed up into a tree to be out of danger. Eustace, who fired next with no better success, quickly threw himself on the ground, where, holding his breath, he feigned to be dead. The bear came up, smelling at the mouth, the nose, and the ears of the prostrate hunter, and then went away without hurting him; because he thought the man was dead, and bears will not touch dead bodies.

Hubert then came down from the tree, and wishing to have some fun with his companion, said jokingly to him, "Tell me what the bear whispered in your ear."

"He told me," said Eustace, "never to sell the bear's skin before the bear was killed."

And upon hearing this Hubert looked very foolish indeed, for he knew that his friend was making fun of him. But yet he decided that it was good advice to follow, and I have no doubt that every one of my young readers is of the same way of thinking, for to sell a bear's skin before the bear has been killed must be worse than counting your chickens before they are hatched.



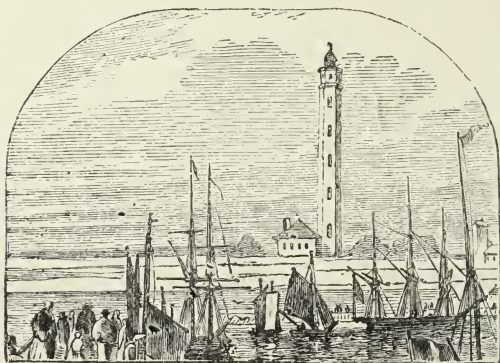
A POETIC CHARADE.

ALAS! alas! the night is dark,
Our way is o'er the deep,
The rising wind howls fearfully,
We do not dare to sleep.
Across the trackless ocean waste
For weeks our path has lain,
And oh! we pine to see the shore
And its green woods again!

The tempest rises, land is near
More near than we desire;
We see my *second* on the shore,
And mark its glimmering fire.
Yet bristling rocks lie stretched between
Us and our homes, so we,
The travel-weary, are constrained
To put once more to sea!

The thunder peals above our heads,
The hoarse winds wildly rave,
The vivid lightning lights the foam
That soon may be our grave.
O for my friendly *first*, to show
Where safe our course would be,
For darkness adds a double dread
To tempest on the sea !

We're saved ! amidst the stormy night
My *whole's* tall form appears,
Against the furious chafing waves
Its granite strength uprears.
It warns us from the dangerous rocks,
It towers above the foam,
And through the peril of the night
It guides us safely home !



A CHARADE (*an easy one*).

EEP lies the snow before the door,
 The air is raw and chill;
 In garment white the wide-spread moor
 Is clad, like yonder hill.
 My *whole*, by hunger rendered brave,
 Hops tamely in and out
 Beside the doorstep, searching there
 To find some crumbs about.

My *second* throbs with hope and fear:
 Hope that a friend is nigh;
 And fear, that some ungentle hand
 May drive him forth to die.
 My *first* is on my *second* seen,
 And doth so warmly glow,
 It seems to cast a rosy gleam
 Upon the wintry snow.

Poor little *whole*, come fearlessly,
 And from my hand be fed!
 Cold must my *second* be indeed
 Ere I will grudge thee bread!
 So when the pleasant spring returns,
 And winter's passed away,
 Then let me see my *second's first*
 Gleam on the leafy spray!

The Traveller's Return.

(TUNE OF "DRINK TO ME ONLY.")

Words by R. SOUTHEY.

Adapted by ARTHUR O'LEARY.

Not too Fast.

1. Sweet to the morn-ing tra-vel-er The song a-mid the

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef, both in 6/8 time. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

sky, ... Where twinkling in the dew-y light, The

This system continues the song. The vocal melody has a long note on 'sky' followed by a dotted line. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with the piano part featuring chords and single notes.

sky-lark soars on high..... And cheer-ing to the

This system concludes the song. The vocal melody features a long note on 'high' followed by a dotted line. The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The system ends with a double bar line and a final chord in the piano part.

tra - vel - ler The gales that round him play,..... When

mf

mf

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It begins with a melodic phrase and includes the lyrics 'tra - vel - ler The gales that round him play,..... When'. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed above the staff. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also in two sharps, featuring a steady rhythmic pattern. A dynamic marking of *mf* is placed below the staff.

faint and heav-i - ly he drags A - long his noon-tide way.

p

p

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'faint and heav-i - ly he drags A - long his noon-tide way.'. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the staff. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* is placed below the staff.

(Turn over for Second Verse.)

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The top staff consists of four measures of whole rests, indicating a pause in the vocal line. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The system concludes with the instruction '(Turn over for Second Verse.)' centered below the staves.



II.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear,
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.
But oh! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love,
That welcomes his return

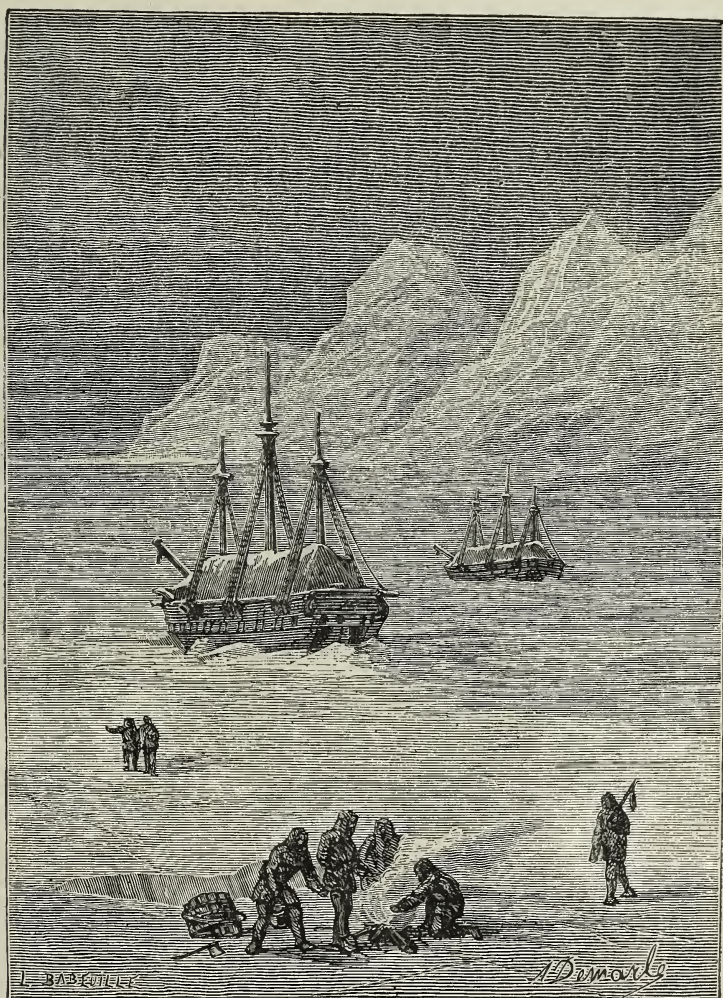
SOUTHEY.



FROM BEYOND THE GREAT SEA.

GREAT ships had been sent out to the North Pole to try and explore the farthest limits of the icy

coast, and to penetrate as far as human skill could take them through the frozen seas. For many a month they had steered through mist and ice, struggling against bitter hardships: at last the winter had closed in, the sun seemed to have disappeared from the world, the long night that lasts for months had begun. As far as the eye could reach nothing was seen but one plain of ice; the ships were frozen fast in the icy pack; the snow lay drifted in mountainous heaps, and the sailors built huts out of it in the shape of beehives—some of them as large as the Huns' graves, and some only large enough to hold one or two men at once. It was not dark, for the red and blue Northern lights gleamed in the sky like one great firework. The snow glittered, the night was like a silver twilight. When the aurora shone brightest the Esquimaux came out in their rough fur skins; they crossed the ice in sleighs, and brought with them bundles of skins and furs. It was warm enough within the snow huts, thanks to the furs and coverings, which served at once for carpets and beds; but outside it was colder than we can even imagine. The sailors in their icy prison thought of their distant homes; they knew that it was late autumn there, and they fancied they saw the yellow leaves falling from the trees. Towards evening their watches told them the hour; two men lay down to sleep in the snow hut. The youngest of them had with him his greatest treasure—a Bible which his grandmother had given him at parting. Every night the sacred volume rested under his pillow; he knew its contents by heart,



"THE SHIPS WERE FROZEN FAST IN THE ICY PACK."

and read its pages every day. As the young man lay in his hut he often said to himself the beautiful words, "If I

take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." And, with the words fresh on his lips, and faith in God deep in his heart, he closed his eyes and fell asleep. A happy dream came



THE RED GOLD OF AUTUMN LAY ON THE WOOD."

to him; his soul lived and was active, while his body slept. He heard the sound of old familiar melodies, warm, sunny breezes played round him, the snow walls of his hut were penetrated with the radiance. He raised his head; the light did not come from the walls, but fell from the strong wings of an angel, whose fair, glorious face bent over him. As if from the cup of a white lily, the angel

rose from the pages of the Bible and spread out his arms. The snow walls sank to the ground like a misty veil; the green hills and dales of his home lay round him in the warm sunshine. The red gold of autumn lay on the woods; the storks' nest was empty, but there were yet some apples hanging on the boughs of the orchard trees.



"THE TWO WOMEN LAUGHED AND CRIED OVER THE LETTER."

The scarlet hips gleamed in the hedge, and the starling sang in its green cage over the peasant's door. It sang the tune it had been taught, and the grandmother came out and hung some groundsel round the cage.

By the well stood the blacksmith's pretty daughter, smiling at the old woman while she drew water from the

well. The grandmother answered her smile, and held up a letter which she had received that morning. The letter had come from the far North, where the old woman's grandson lay dreaming under God's fatherly care. The two women laughed and cried over the letter, and the dreamer, shadowed by the angel's wings, laughed and cried with them, for he saw and heard it all.

The letter was read aloud, and in it the words of the text were written, "If I take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy right hand uphold me, and Thy arm shall strengthen me." The sound of chanting and of singing of hymns filled the air; the angel let his wings fall like a veil upon the sleeper's face; the vision had vanished; darkness fell upon the hut, but the Bible lay under his pillow and faith lived in his heart. God and his home were with him still, in the uttermost parts of the sea.



CONTENTMENT,

OR THE SWALLOW AND THE REDBREAST.



THE swallows, at the close of day,
When autumn shone with fainter ray,
Around the chimney circling flew,
Ere yet they bade a long adieu
To climes, where soon the winter drear
Should close the unrejoicing year.
Now with swift wing they skim aloof,
Now settle on the crowded roof,
As counsel and advice they take
Ere they the chilly north forsake.
Now one, disdainful, turned his eye
Upon a redbreast, twitt'ring nigh,
And thus began, with taunting scorn :
"Thou household imp, obscure, forlorn,
Through the deep winter's dreary day,
Here, dull and shivering, shalt thou stay ;
Whilst we, who make the world our home,
To softer climes impatient roam,
Where Summer still, on some green isle,
Rests with her sweet and lovely smile.

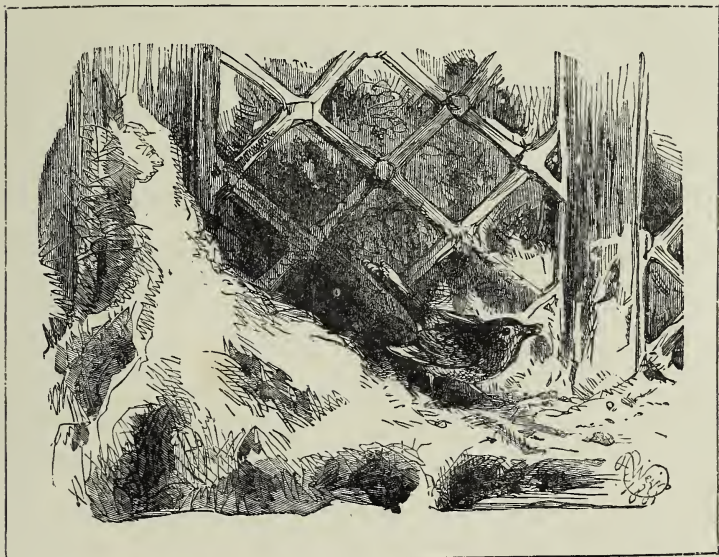
Thus speeding far and far away,
We leave behind the short'ning day."



"Where Summer still, on some green isle,
Rests with her sweet and lovely smile."

"'Tis true," the redbreast answered meek,
"No other scenes I ask or seek ;

To ev'ry change alike resigned,
I fear not the cold winter's wind.



THE ROBIN.

When spring returns the circling year
Shall find me still contented here ;
But whilst my warm affections rest
Within the circle of my nest,
I learn to pity those that roam,
And love the more my humble home."



The Late Spring.

(SET TO AN OLD ENGLISH TUNE.)

Adapted by ARTHUR O'LEARY.

Lively.

p

1. The sleep - y Spring was still in bed, And to rise was slow-ly pre-

cres.

- par - ing, When she heard the soft fall of the zephyr's tread, Who

cres.

mf

came to give her an air - ing. She rose in haste, not dress'd in blue, But

mf

clad in her wintry mourning; Just stuck in her bosom a snowdrop or two, Her

brow a faint smile a-dorn-ing.

rit. *p*

brow a faint smile a-dorn-ing.

The young birds had met on St. Valen-tine's feast,

a tempo. *p*

2.

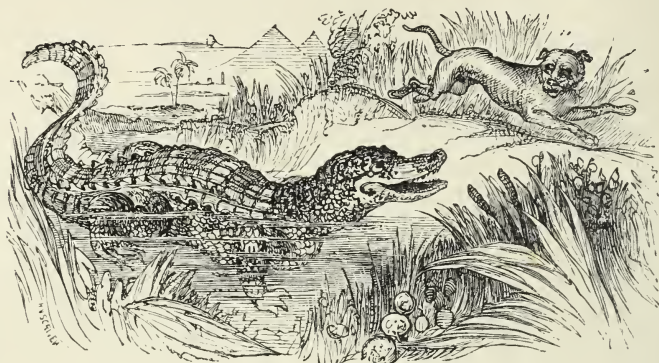
Then away over meadow, and garden,
and wood,
Her light-winged courser bore her;
But in her fair eyes the tear-drop stood,
To see the drear scene before her.
So long had the tyrant of northern birth
His iron reign extended,
The genial commerce of sky and earth
Had well nigh been suspended.

3.

The young birds had met on St. Valen-tine's feast,
All eager to get married;
But the sullen saint refused to be priest;—
For another red-day they tarried.
The crocus had put forth its feelers green,
But drew in its head in affright,
On hearing the peas, as soon as seen,
Had been all cut off in a night.

4.

The lilac gay that loves to be first,
Stood shivering still and pouting,
And many a bud was longing to burst,
But its orders, as yet, was doubting.
And the queen of the season, so ill did she feel,
She again took to bed in pure sorrow;
But the sun has been called in, her sickness to heal,
And we hope she'll be better to-morrow.



THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE.

AS a dog was coursing the banks of the Nile he grew thirsty, but fearing to be seized by the monsters of that river, he would not stop to quench his thirst, but lapped as he ran. A crocodile, raising his head above the surface of the water, asked him why he was in such a hurry. "I have often," he said, "wished for your acquaintance, and should be glad to embrace the present opportunity to make it." "You do me great honour," returned the dog; "but it is to avoid such companions as you that I make so much haste."

An enemy is never more dangerous than when he comes with friendly words and tries to lure us to our destruction.

ABOUT TAHITI.



TAHITI, or, as it is sometimes called, Otaheite, is a very beautiful island. It lies in the Great Pacific Ocean, and is one of a group known by the name of the Society Islands. Very little was known about it till about a hundred years ago, when Captain Cook, a celebrated English sailor, made several voyages round the world, and at various times visited Tahiti. When Captain Cook first came to the island he and his companions were astonished at its extreme beauty. The loveliest flowers bloomed everywhere, and many delicious fruits and vegetables were to be found growing in great abundance. Plantains, yams, the bread-fruit, and many others were found, and the trees in the island grew to a great height. No frost and snow ever came to this beautiful island, but it is like a continual summer there. The trees are always green, and there are fruits and flowers all the year round, so that you may be sure it is a beautiful place to live in.

There is a fine bay and harbour at Tahiti, and ships frequently put in there for fresh vegetables and fruits when they have been long at sea; and you can imagine what a treat fine fresh oranges and other fruits must be to people who have been for a long time living on hard ship's-biscuit and salt beef and pork, with pea-soup and pease-pudding, which are the chief provisions in many



A TAHITIAN GIRL.

ships. As soon as the ships appear in the harbour, the natives come out from the shore as quickly as possible in their light boats or canoes, which are made of the bark of trees. These canoes are laden with fine baskets of fruit to sell to the ship's crew. In our picture you see a Tahitian girl plucking fruit from a tree to fill her basket, and in the distance you can just see one of the canoes lying on the beach.

When Captain Cook first came to Tahiti he was surprised and pleased to find what fine, handsome people the natives were. He also found them very friendly and good-natured, and very much astonished at the big ship in which Cook had come to their island. They were all heathen, and had never heard of the true God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and they worshipped images made of wood. So at a later time good men came to live among them and teach them the knowledge of the true God, and now most of the natives of Tahiti are Christians. They have also learned from the missionaries to do many things they were not able to do before, and many of them can read and write; they are also very fond of singing.



The Fly.

(TUNE OF "IN MY COTTAGE.")

Adapted by ARTHUR O'LEARY.

1. Pri - thee, lit - tle buzz - ing fly, Eddyng round my ta - per,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Fly'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are '1. Pri - thee, lit - tle buzz - ing fly, Eddyng round my ta - per,'. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves: a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

why Is it that its quivering light, Dazzling, cap - ti - vates your

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'why Is it that its quivering light, Dazzling, cap - ti - vates your'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, maintaining the harmonic structure established in the first system.

mf
sight? Bright my ta - per is, 'tis true, Trust me,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking and the lyrics 'sight? Bright my ta - per is, 'tis true, Trust me,'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, supporting the vocal melody.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The voice part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment also starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system contains the next two lines. The voice part continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic marking.

'tis too bright for you; 'Tis a flame—vain thing, be-
En - joy - ing

-ware! 'Tis a flame you can-not bear.

2.

Touch it, and 'tis instant fate ;
Take my counsel ere too late :
Buzz no longer round and round,
Settle on the wall or ground :
Sleep till morn ; at daybreak rise,
Danger then you may despise,
Enjoying in the sunny air
The life your caution now may spare.

3.

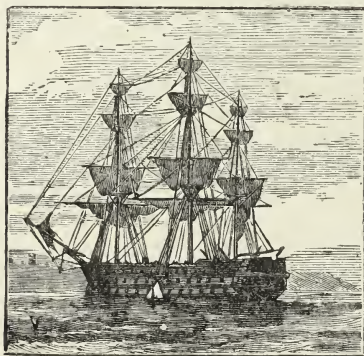
Lo ! my counsel nought avails ;
Round and round and round it sails,

Sail with idle unconcern—
Foolish insect, thou wilt burn.
Madly heedless as thou art,
Know thy danger and depart—
Why persist? I plead in vain,
Singed it falls, and writhes in pain.

4.

Is not this—deny who can—
Is not this a type of man?
Like the fly, he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning sphere—and dies.
Vain the friendly caution, still
He rebels, alas! and will.
What I sing let all apply,
Flies are weak—and man's a fly.

BRUCE.



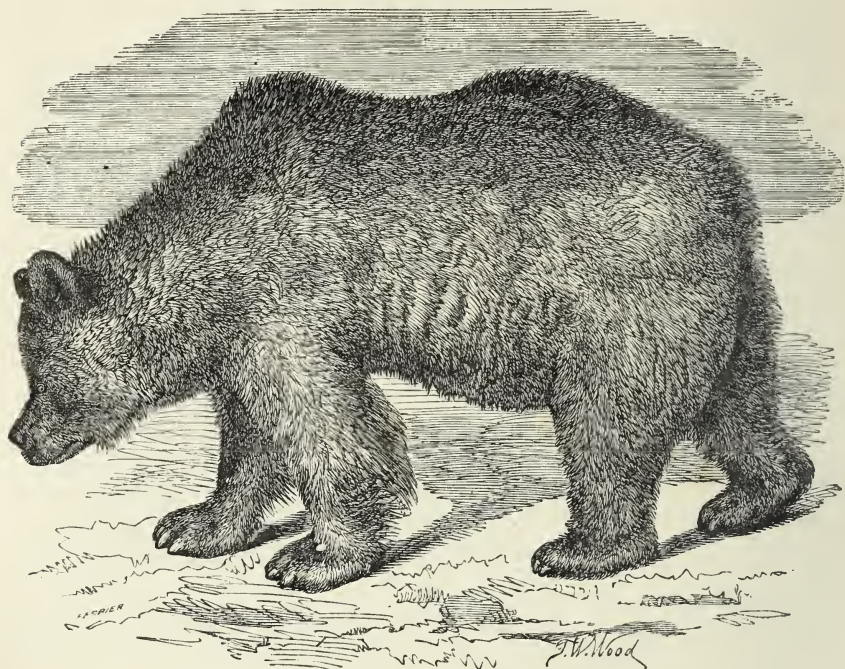
THE BEAUTIFUL PURPLE FRUIT.



YOUNG Lewis was walking one day in the botanical gardens, and, finding the hothouse door open, entered. He amused himself with examining the various exotic plants which were placed there in elegant vases. Most of all he admired a small shrub whose dark green leaves showed to advantage the splendour of an oblong-shaped fruit of the colour of the most brilliant purple.

“What beautiful fruit!” he cried. “There is nothing like it in all the garden. No doubt it has a most delicious taste.” Saying this, he looked carefully around him to see if any one was looking. Seeing no one, he hastily gathered the fruit and put it into his mouth; but hardly had he bitten it when he felt his tongue and palate burn as if on fire. He at once spat out the fruit, and cried with all his might; but the burning pain he felt in his mouth did not abate.

His mother, who was not far off, hearing his cries, ran to him and said, “What a disobedient boy you are! How many times have I forbidden you to eat anything of which you are ignorant! You are punished for your disobedience; and it is well for you that you have not swallowed this fruit. If you had swallowed it it would have killed you. The fruit is, however, a perfect image of sin, which lures us by a fair outside, but the enjoyment of which only brings grief and death.”



“DON'T BE TOO CLEVER!”

A STORY OF A BIG BROWN BEAR.

THERE was a bear—such a big brown bear—
Who lived in the woods all alone,
And he lay down to sleep in his close dark den,
So soon as the autumn was gone.

But some huntsmen found out the big brown bear,
And they bound him with cords so fast ;—
So he was a prisoner, wretched and sad,
Before the cold winter was past.

And they taught him to stand and to walk upright,
And they made him work in a show,—
And the children laughed to see how he danced,
But he didn't like it, you know.

At last he escaped, the poor brown bear,
For a sly old bear was he ;
And he hid in the woods, and laughed aloud,
As he sat on the trunk of a tree.

And soon there came some other big bears,
Some grizzly, some brown, some black,
And they heartily welcomed their comrade true,
And were glad to see him back.

And he stood on his hind legs, the big brown bear,
To show them what he could do ;
And he danced and pranced and walked with a grace,
And they tried to do so too.

But it was quite in vain they tried ;
They all of them tumbled down,
And the more they fell, the more he danced,
To get all the greater renown.

At last they found they could try no more,
They were aching in every limb;
So, greatly annoyed that they thus had failed,
They all of them fell upon him.

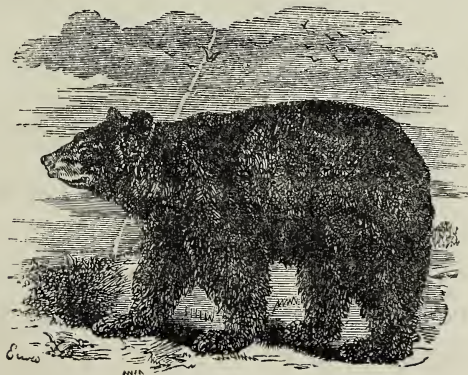


“Conceited fellow!” they angrily cried,
“We’ll very soon let him see
If he’s to come here and make himself out
A cleverer person than we.

“Go away, go away, we won’t have you here;”
And they all of them hooted him down;
And one of them gave him a scratch in the side,
And another a thump on the crown.

They kicked and they cuffed the big brown bear,
And treated him shamefully ill;
And though he growled it was quite too bad,
They went on beating him still.

“I see it won’t do to show cleverness here—”
Poor Bruin he ruefully said;
And shuffled away as fast as he could,
A bear with a very sore head.





ABERLEIGH GRANGE.

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL.

“**S**O you Aberleigh boys are about to play Sandleford,” said George Leslie to Horace Lucas; “have you a good eleven?”

“Our players are pretty fair, I believe,” replied Horace, “but the number is short. Both sides have agreed to take a mate or two from other parishes, and I rode over to ask your cousin Charles and yourself to join our Aberleigh party.”

“Faith! you are in luck, my good friend,” cried George Leslie; “you may look upon the game as won. Charles, to be sure, is no great hand; can’t bowl, hits up,

and is a bad field—a slow, awkward field. But I—did you never see me play? And I am so much improved this season! I ought to be improved, for I have seen such play, and such players! I am just returned from my aunt's, who lives within a mile of Bramshill—Sir John's, you know—and there were all the great men of the day, all the Lord's men: Mr. Ward and Mr. Budd—I'm thought to stand at my wicket very much like Mr. Budd; Saunders, who is reckoned, take him all in all, the best player in England; and Broadbridge, the Sussex bowler—I don't patronise their system though; I stick to the old steady, scientific game; Lord Frederick; and Mr. Knight—he's a fine figure of a man is Mr. Knight, the finest figure of any of them, and very great in the field; old Howard the bowler—he's my model; and, in short, almost every celebrated cricketer in England. I know that you Westminsterers think that nobody can do anything so well as yourselves; but as far as cricket goes—ask Charles, he'll tell you that you are in luck to have me.” And off the young gentleman strutted to pay his compliments to some ladies who were talking to his mother on the other side of the lawn; for this conversation took place on a fine day in July, under the heavy shadow of some tall elms, in Mrs. Leslie's beautiful grounds.

George's speech had been delivered in a high, solemn, vaunting tone, as grave as Don Quixote; but of the two who remained, Horace, a quick, arch, lively lad, laughed

outright ; and Charles, a mild, fair, delicate boy, could not help smiling.



A BOWLER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

“ He gives himself a comfortable character, however,” said Horace, “ rather too good to be true ; whilst of you

he speaks modestly enough. Are you so bad, Charles? And is he such a paragon of cricketers? Does he bat like Mr. Budd, and field like Mr. Knight, and bowl like Howard?"

"Why, not exactly," was the reply; "but there's more truth than you think for. He's a good but uncertain player; and I am a bad one, a very bad one; shy, and timid, and awkward; always feeling when the game is over that I could have done better; just as I have felt when a clever man, your father for instance, has had the goodness to speak to me, how much better I ought to have talked. Somehow the power never comes at the right time at either game; so that I may say, as some people say of cucumbers, that I like cricket, but that cricket does not like me."

"Good or bad, my dear fellow, I'll take you," said Horace, "nervousness and all. It's a pity that you two cousins could not make over one to another some parcel of your several qualities; you would be much the happier for a dash of George's self-conceit, and he could spare enough to set up a whole regiment of dandies, whilst he would be all the better for your superfluous modesty. However, I'll take you both, right thankfully." And the arrangements were entered into forthwith. They were to meet on the ground on the ensuing morning to play the match, different engagements preventing the Leslies from practising with the Aberleigh side that evening, as Horace had wished and intended; for our friend Horace, ardent and

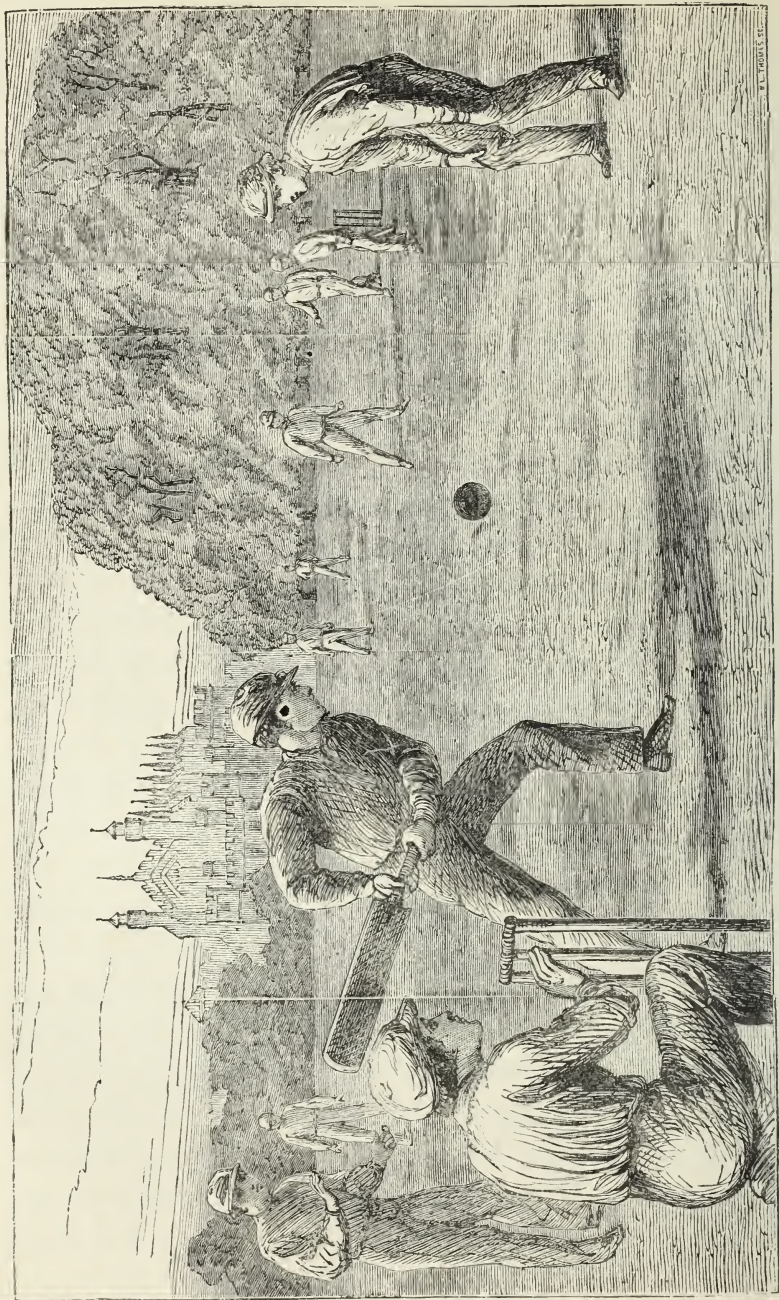


THE VILLAGE MAIDENS.

keen in everything, whether of sport or study, had set his heart on winning this match, and was very desirous of trying the powers of his new allies. Fifty times during the evening did he count over his own good players and the good players of the other side, and gravely conclude, "It will all depend on the Leslies. How I wish to-morrow were come!" He said this so often that even his sister Emily, although the most indulgent person in the world, and very fond of her brother, grew so tired of hearing him that she could not help saying, "I wish to-morrow were come too!"

And at last, as generally happens, whether we wish for it or not, to-morrow did come, as brilliant a to-morrow as ever was anticipated, even by a schoolboy in the holidays. The sun rose without a cloud; I speak from the best authority, for "scorning the scorner sleep" Horace was up before him: and the ball being twenty times weighed and the bats fifty times examined, he repaired, by half-past nine, to Sandleford Common, where the match was to be played, and the wickets pitched precisely at ten o'clock.

All parties were sufficiently punctual; and when the whole set had assembled, Horace found that, in spite of his calculations, a mistake had arisen in the amount of his forces; that reckoning himself there were ten Aberleigh boys on the ground, besides the two foreign allies, proceeding perhaps from his over-anxiety to collect recruits; whilst the Sandleford captain, on the contrary, had neg-



CRICKET IN THE ETON PLAYING FIELDS.

lected to secure another mate as agreed on, and could only muster the original ten of his own parish, himself included.

In this dilemma the umpires immediately proposed to divide the auxiliaries, a suggestion to which George assented with his usual coolness and Charles with his invariable good-humour.

"You had better toss up for me," said the former. "For the choice," was Horace's civil amendment, and toss they did. "Heads!" cried he of Sandleford, and heads it was; and partly caught by the young gentleman's happy knack of puffing himself, partly by the knowing manner in which he was handling his bat, George was instantly claimed by the winner, and the game began.

Sandleford went in, and it was desired that the stranger and the best of the home party should take the precedence. But our great player coquetted. "It might put their side out of spirits if by any accident he were out early in the game; he had seen a match lost by Mr. Budd or Saunders having their wickets knocked down sooner than was expected. He would wait." Accordingly it was not till the first four had gone down with only twenty notches gained that he at last went in, "to retrieve," as he said, "the fortune of the day."

Nothing could be more imposing than his appearance. There he stood at the wicket striking his bat against the ground with impatience, pawing the earth as it were, like a racehorse at the starting-post, or a greyhound in the



THE NOBLE GAME OF FOOTBALL AT RUGBY.

slips, and friends and foes admired and wondered. Even Horace Lucas felt the effect of the fine attitude and the brilliant animation, and delivered his ball less steadily than usual, anticipating that his opponent would get at least three runs. His fears were soon quieted. "By some accident" (to use the young gentleman's own phrase) Mr. George hit up; and that exceedingly bad field, his cousin Charles, caught him out without a notch.

This misadventure sadly disconcerted Sandleford as well as the unfortunate champion, and put Aberleigh in high spirits. Horace bowled better than ever; the fielding was excellent; and the whole eleven were out for forty-seven notches—a wretched innings.

Aberleigh then went in—Horace, and at Horace's request, his ally Charles: George being one of the bowlers. But poor George (to borrow once more his own words) was "out of luck, thoroughly out of luck," for in spite of all his efforts the two mates got fifty-six before they parted, and the whole score was a hundred and nine.

Eighty-two ahead in the first innings! Small hopes for Sandleford, even though George went in immediately, "determined," as he said, "to conquer fortune." Small hopes for Sandleford!

"Come, Charles," said Horace Lucas, "let us see whether your bowling may not be as good as your batting. Just give your cousin one ball." And at the very first ball the stumps rattled, and the discomfited cricketer slunk

away, so crestfallen that even Horace was touched by his disconsolate countenance and humbled air. His tender-hearted cousin felt a still deeper sympathy, and almost lamented his own success.

“It is all luck, sir,” said he, in answer to a compliment from General Lucas, who stood talking to him after the match had been triumphantly won—“it is all luck! Poor George is a far better player than I am; he was so yesterday, and will be so to-morrow. This is merely the fortune of a day, a trifle not worth a word or a thought!”

“The object is trifling, I grant you, my good young friend,” said the general; “but I am much mistaken if your success and your cousin’s mortification be not of essential benefit to both. It is one of the most salutary parts of the world’s discipline that modesty should triumph and that Pride should have a Fall.”



CRICKETERS AT PLAY.



WEDLOCK—THE GRAND WEDDING.

WED-LOCK: AN ACTING CHARADE.

(Suitable for children's parties, half-holidays, merry evenings,
and all sorts of occasions.)

FIRST SYLLABLE.—WED.

CHARACTERS.

PENELOPE PONDER	}	<i>Belinda's Bridesmaids.</i>
CLARISSA MILD MAY		
ADOLPHUS RACKET.		<i>A happy Bridegroom.</i>
BELINDA RACKET.		<i>His blushing Bride.</i>



THE ACTED CHARADE—OUR AUDIENCE.

COSTUMES.—*Adolphus* should be attired in a black suit and white necktie; *Belinda* as much like a bride as the properties of the establishment will admit; *Penelope* and *Clarissa* in light silk dresses and white hats. (N.B.—A large lace or net shawl will always make a bride's veil on the shortest notice.)

SCENE I.

ADOLPHUS RACKET *having won the heart and hand of* BELINDA MILD MAY, *the happy couple have just returned from church, and are discovered in an ante-room with the two bridesmaids, PENELOPE PONDER and CLARISSA MILD MAY. Bride and bridegroom ascend to the breakfast. PENELOPE and CLARISSA remain in conversation.*

Penelope. Dear Belinda! I trust she'll be happy. How lovely she looked at the altar! did she not?

Clarissa. Oh, charming! and how full the church was! By the way, did you see the Tomkinses in the rector's pew?

Pen. See them! Of course I did; for I looked on purpose to get a glimpse of Harry when Adolphus drew the ring from his pocket, and said so boldly—"With this ring I thee '*wed!*'"

Clar. I thought Belinda would have broken down

when she came to the "obey;" and I believe, after all, she only muttered the word.

Pen. Most likely! for *my* part, I would never say it, whatever I might think! But, Clarissa, let us go, or they will have commenced the breakfast without us; and I promised Tom Sillaby to sit by him, to prompt him in a speech he has got up for the occasion, in which he intends to speak in the highest terms of bridesmaids in general, and *me* in particular.

Clar. Well, for *my* part, I think the kindest thing you can do will be to prompt him to leave it alone; for I'm sure if *that* simpleton is to be our representative, I shall wish that Belinda had not made *me* a bridesmaid.

Pen. (Patronisingly.) My dear child!—These things are entirely a matter of opinion; and as I have a great regard for Tom Sillaby, I hope you will on this occasion honour him by your attention, and believe him sensible at least when he proposes the health of the bridesmaids, and extols the merits and graces of our sex.

Clar. (Scornfully.) Tom Sillaby, indeed! It's his own merits and graces that he's most given to extol, I'm thinking; and the look of his own sweet face in the glass is worth more to him than any merits and graces we may possess. Tom Sillaby, indeed! [*Exeunt.*



MR. SILLABY.

SECOND SYLLABLE.—LOCK.

BELINDA RACKET.

PENELOPE PONDER.

COSTUMES.—*Belinda* in morning gown, *Penelope* in morning walking-dress.

SCENE II.

BELINDA *discovered sitting alone, sadly and thoughtfully contemplating something she holds in her hand.*

Belinda. Oh! how soon have all my visions of happiness disappeared! What could possess me to open his dressing-case? Certainly not curiosity, and most assuredly not with any idea of finding such a proof of his baseness as this! Oh! had I used the forbidden key, and discovered him a Blue-Beard, I could have borne it better! I wish dear Penelope Ponder would come, that I might confide this awful secret to her, and ask her advice. Would that I could burn this fascinating horror I hold in my hand; but no! it must be kept as a sad—sad proof! (*A knock at the door, when enters PENELOPE. BELINDA rushes to her friend, and they embrace. BELINDA in tears.*)

Penelope. What, my dearest Belinda! and are you *so* soon unhappy? Pray tell me at once the cruel cause of all this?

Bel. (*Hysterically, while showing lock of hair.*) There, Penelope! foun—d in HIS dressing-case!

Pen. (*With affected dismay.*) What! a *lock of hair*, and not yours! Oh, Belinda! this is indeed a serious cause of grief. Have you demanded an explanation?

Bel. No! I could not; for I discovered it after he had left this morning. Oh! what *shall* I do? Tell me, dear Penelope.



BELDAN AND PENELOPE—"OH! WHAT SHALL I DO?"

Pen. Well, my dear, I would advise the most mature reflection before you mention to him what you have found; observe him closely, and if he cares much for this (*sneeringly*) treasure, he will soon miss it, and the fact will be evident in his manner; but, (*starting*) Belinda! what *horribly coarse hair*! Why, none but a Hottentot could have grown such stubble as this.

Bel. Ah! that's what makes the matter worse! I've always heard him say how he admired wavy hair; and you know, Penelope, that mine never would (*mournfully*) even crinkle without a world of plaiting.

Pen. Poor disappointed child! I am grieved that I must leave you now; but act as I have told you, and to-morrow morning I will call after breakfast to hear how this terrible affair progresses.

[They embrace, and curtain falls.]



SCENE III.—THE WHOLE WORD.—WEDLOCK.

ADOLPHUS RACKET.

BELINDA RACKET.

PENELOPE PONDER.

CLARISSA MILDMAY.

COSTUMES.—*Adolphus* in lounging-coat; *Belinda* in morning-dress; *Penelope* and *Clarissa* in morning walking-dress.

BELINDA and ADOLPHUS sitting at breakfast, BELINDA sullenly turning over the leaves of a book. ADOLPHUS looks up from the newspaper and says—

Adolphus. Well, *Belinda*, how much longer are you going to maintain this extraordinary manner? You are evidently put out about something, and I should uncommonly like to know what that something is; so will you oblige me by an explanation?

Belinda. No, *Adolphus*, I will not! It's sufficient for you to know that I shall never be happy again.

Adol. Well, that's cool, and more than "sufficient," seeing that I sought "*wedlock*" in the hope of securing your happiness as well as my own for life.

Bel. Don't tell untruths, *Adolphus*; you married me to make me the most miserable of wives, and you have succeeded.

Adol. *Belinda*, you are trying my patience fearfully,



THE ACTED CHARADE—OUR ACTORS.

and I can tell you that it won't last much longer; and if you don't give me *some* opportunity of justifying myself, I shall be in a fearful passion directly. (*Paces up and down the room.*) No! (*Raising his voice*) Belinda Racket, *passion's* not the word: I shall *storm with rage*.

Bel. Ah! cruel man! just what I might have expected. (*A knock at the door.*) *Enter* PENELOPE PONDER and CLARISSA MILDMAY. *Both embrace BELINDA with tears of sympathy.* BELINDA *whispers to* PENELOPE—) I'm so glad you've come, dear, for I do believe he was just going to kill me.

Pen. Have you shown him the proof of his wickedness?

Bel. No! I dared not.

Pen. Well, do so now, and we will help you to intimidate him. Oh! (*with a shudder*) what a ruffian he looks!

Bel. Perfidious man! does not that fill you with remorse? (*Throws him the lock of hair.*)

Adol. Where on earth did you get this from? Why, this is a piece of my poor pony's tail, cut off when he was shot, in remembrance of the many times he nearly broke my neck! Well, Belinda (*laughing heartily*), you *must* have been on the look-out for a trouble when you made one of this.

Bel. Oh! how foolish I have been! Will you forgive me, Adolphus?

Adol. Well, yes! but upon one condition—that you promise to keep this relic of my poor old pony, as a



“WILL YOU FORGIVE ME, AUGUSTUS?”

memento of the only cause of anxiety I ever gave, or mean to give you.

Pen. Well, now you are restored to happiness, Belinda, I think I shall go home and reflect on the improbability of uninterrupted bliss, whether in married or single life. So come along, Clarissa, and we will meditate together.

[Curtsies, and the curtain falls.]



FIGHTING WITH WILD BEASTS.

THE STORY OF ANDROCLES.



IN ancient times there were many cruel customs; among others there was one, that persons accused of crimes, and sometimes poor prisoners who had been taken in war, were made to fight with wild beasts in a public circus or arena. And while they fought for their lives against lions and tigers, the cruel people looked on with delight at the horrible sight of men and beasts killing each other. When the

man fought boldly and skilfully against the wild beast opposed to him they shouted and clapped their hands, and when the lion or tiger got the better of the man and tore him to pieces they clapped their hands and shouted just as loud.



A CHRISTIAN MARTYR DELIVERED TO THE LIONS.

The cruel Romans used to hate and persecute the Christians, who believed in and followed the Lord Jesus Christ; and they used to let loose wild beasts upon the Christians, and have them torn to pieces, if they persisted in declaring the truth that Jesus Christ was the Son of

God. Those who thus died rather than give up their faith in the Lord Jesus were called martyrs; and the names of many of these have been preserved as a bright example to all nations, teaching men to give up everything, even their lives, rather than deny their religion.



ASIATIC LIONS.

And now I am going to tell you a story about a lion which will show that even a beast can be thankful for kindness shown to him.

An unfortunate slave, named Androcles, escaped from the house of his master and fled to the forest. Having been retaken, he was condemned to be torn to pieces by a wild beast. They led him into a large enclosure surrounded

with walls, and let loose upon him a lion of formidable and ferocious appearance. Thousands of spectators were assembled round the circle to witness the combat.

The lion as soon as it saw its victim rushed towards him at first with a furious roar; then all at once it stopped to testify its joy by shaking its tail, and approaching gently to the poor slave, it licked his hands and gambolled around him. Everybody was filled with astonishment, and asked the slave for an explanation of the mystery.

The slave gave them the explanation in these words: "The day when I fled from my master's house I went to hide myself in a cavern in the midst of the forest. I had scarcely sat down when I saw a lion enter, uttering plaintive groanings; the beast approached me and presented to me its paw, in which there was a large thorn; I took the thorn out, and dressed the wound, which was quickly healed. From that moment it brought me all sorts of provisions, and we lived together in the same cavern in a most happy manner. At the last fight which took place we were separated and both taken. To-day this kind and noble animal having recognised me is filled with joy."

The people, delighted to see so much gratitude in a wild beast, cried with one voice, "Let the kind-hearted man and the grateful lion both live!" The slave recovered his liberty, and was set free and loaded with presents. When he came out of the arena, the lion followed him like a dog; it always remained near him, and accompanied him everywhere without ever doing any one harm.

OFF AGAIN TO SEA.

(The Sailor-Lad's Song, on starting for his second voyage.)

OH, push along! the tide is strong,
The storm has passed away,
The goodly ship, with anchor a-trip,
Is tossing in the bay.
Then farewell, mother; farewell, dad;
Farewell, my sisters three;
Oh, Good Luck you wish your sailor-lad,
Who goes away to sea!

Our jolly crew is staunch and true,
Our ship is taut and sound,—
We'll spread our sail before the gale
Wherever we are bound;
And be the weather fine or bad,
I know you'll think of me,
And Good Luck you'll wish your sailor-lad,
Who goes away to sea!

Come weal or woe, come friend or foe,
Be death or danger nigh,
I'll think of when great Nelson's men
Were just as young as I;
And how, whate'er the work they had,
They toiled with hearty glee;
So Good Luck will wait the sailor-lad,
Who goes away to sea!



"OFF AGAIN TO SEA"—THE SAILOR-BOY'S FAREWELL.

Away, away, through surf and spray,
For, see, the signal flies !
Good-bye, good-bye, but, dear ones, dry
The tear-drops from your eyes,
And do not let your hearts be sad,
If e'er you think of me ;
For Good Luck is with the sailor-lad,
Who goes away to sea.

T. Hood.



WHAT IS THIS?

(It has braved, a thousand years, the battle and the breeze.)

I WAVE o'er mast, and fort, and tower,
O'er royal home, from inland bower ;
I'm known and feared o'er land and wave,
The hope of freedom to the slave !
Yet changed to stone behold me—I
Oft 'neath your foot am made to lie.
Sometimes my home is in the stream,
Where my gay yellow blossoms gleam.
When dried, my withered form they take,
And into mats and baskets make.
Four letters mine ; cut off my head,
Loitering and slow becomes my tread.

To a Robin in Winter.

(HALF HANIKIN, 1650.)

Adapted by ARTHUR O'LEARY.

1. Wel-come! wel-come!

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass). The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

lit - tle stran-ger, Wel - come to my lone re-treat!

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Here se - cure from ev' - ry dan - ger, Hop a - bout and

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

chirp and eat: Ro - bin! how I en - vy thee,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains the melody for the vocal line. The bottom two staves are grouped by a brace and represent a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'chirp and eat: Ro - bin! how I en - vy thee,' are written below the vocal staff.

Hap - py child of lib - er - ty!

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The bottom two staves continue the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Hap - py child of lib - er - ty!' are written below the vocal staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

2.

Hunger never shall distress thee
 While my meals one crumb afford;
 Cold and cramps shall ne'er oppress thee,
 Come and share my humble board;
 Robin, come and live with me;
 Live, yet still at liberty.

3.

Soon shall spring, with smiles and blushes,
 Steal upon the blooming year;
 Then, amid the verdant bushes,
 Thy sweet song shall warble clear;
 Then shall I too, joined with thee,
 Taste the sweets of liberty.



A CHARADE ABOUT A SHIP.

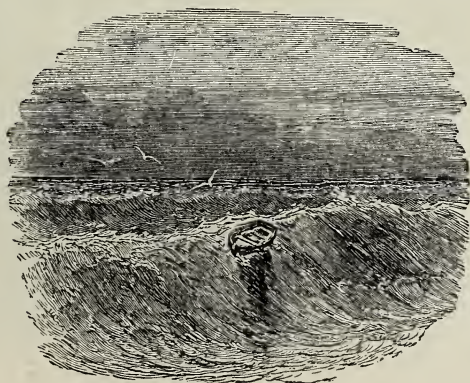
“OBSERVE yon fine vessel come out of the bay ;
See ! from her cutwater she dashes the spray,
With stun-sails aloft she proceeds on her way ;
But why did she sail on a Friday ?”

On dashed the ship with a favouring gale ;
All hands were employed increasing the sail ;
“ We shall soon reach my *first*,” said the mate
“ without fail,
Although we have sailed on a Friday.”

But Bill, an old salt up aloft, shook his head ;
“ My lads, he may say so, but don’t be misled ;
She’ll come to my *second* before that,” he said,
“ Because she has sailed on a Friday.”

A week had just passed, all was going on well,
When without any warning, most woeful to tell,
She struck on a rock, with a crash the masts fell,
And thus she was wrecked on a Friday.

With her side all laid open, the ship gave a roll,
And all the wild waters rushed thro’ the wide hole ;
Alas ! it came true, as old Bill did my *whole*,
She sank—and she sailed on a Friday.





OLD BEN OF YARMOUTH.

OLD BEN OF YARMOUTH.



HERE he stands on the beach, a regular old sailor every inch of him—his face bronzed by the sun and wind, and his hair whitened by age and by many a stormy year's work on the great deep—a battered old hulk he seems, and yet strong and sturdy as an old oak-trunk. There he stands, by the movable machine on wheels that is used for embarking on the boats on Yarmouth Beach, and landing from them.

“Boat to-day, sir?” he asks, with one hand lifted to his old sou'-wester hat as a salute, and the other pointing to the spot where his little craft is dancing on the waves. “Fine day for a sail, sir!” and old Ben will dilate, in a persuasive way, on the brightness of the morning and the certainty of enjoyment to be derived from a sail, compared with the delights of which all other amusements and recreations at the seaside are to him as nothing. Many a visitor has the old fellow enticed into this sailing-boat of his, under the promise that they will enjoy themselves immensely; and very much mistaken some of them have been afterwards, when there happened to be a stiff breeze or a tossing sea, and they felt the dancing movement of the little boat anything but agreeable, and very glad they have consequently been to land once more on the beach. But on such occasions Ben never fails to impress upon them how healthy a little sea-sickness is, and how much better

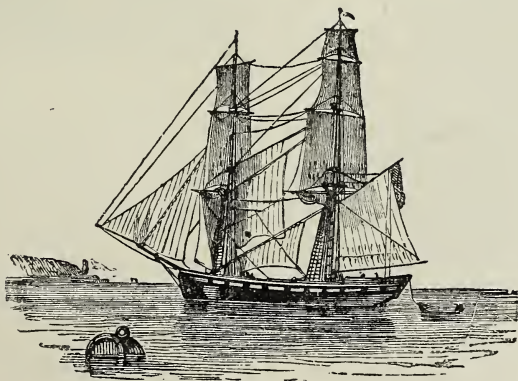
they will be for it afterwards ; so that whatever is the result of his trips he always manages to be in the right. So he makes a very good living during the summer season, and with all the visitors he is a great favourite, and you may be sure that no other boat is hired so long as Old Ben's craft is lying on the beach or riding near the margin.

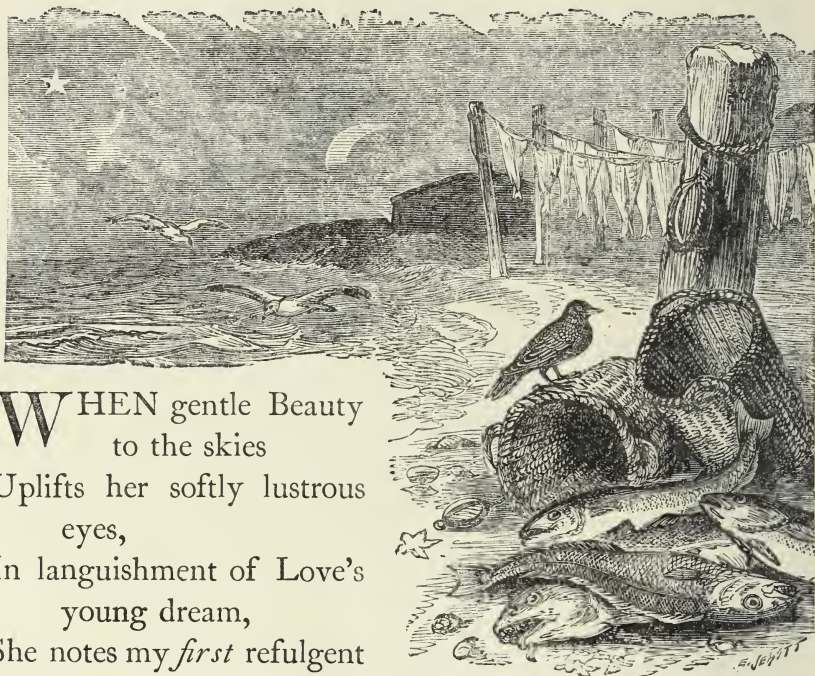
Old Ben has seen a great deal of hard service and much danger in his time, although he is able to live quietly and comfortably now. He can tell you a great many stories of his past adventures ; especially he is fond of telling of the voyages he made in a whale-ship, and of the perils he encountered hunting the whale in cold northern seas. He has also been in the navy and in merchant ships—sometimes sailing to the burning clime of India, at others bound for the cold shores of Canada or Sweden—there is hardly a port about which he could not tell you something. He has been twice shipwrecked, once upon an island on the African coast, where he suffered great hardships for some weeks till an English ship rescued him and his companions ; and another time on the coast of England, near the Tyne. He is fond of telling how he was rescued by the crew of a lifeboat, after he had clung, with three other sailors, to the wreck for twelve hours, and they had seen their poor shipmates washed off, one after another, into the angry sea.

It is probably the recollection of this that makes Old Ben take such a keen interest, even now, in the Yarmouth

lifeboat. Last winter, during a dreadful gale, the old man was among the first down on the beach to volunteer to go out to the rescue of the crew of a vessel in distress; and go he did, in spite of his seventy years, and did his work manfully, until at last his strength gave way, and he had to resign his oar to another and a younger sailor. But it was not until he was quite exhausted that Old Ben gave up, only remarking that he supposed he was not quite so young as he had been thirty years ago.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Ben is quite a popular character on Yarmouth Beach. All his friends hope he will live for many years to sail his boat, and cry, "Boat, sir?" And we will hope so too.



A POETIC CHARADE--(*Illustrated.*)

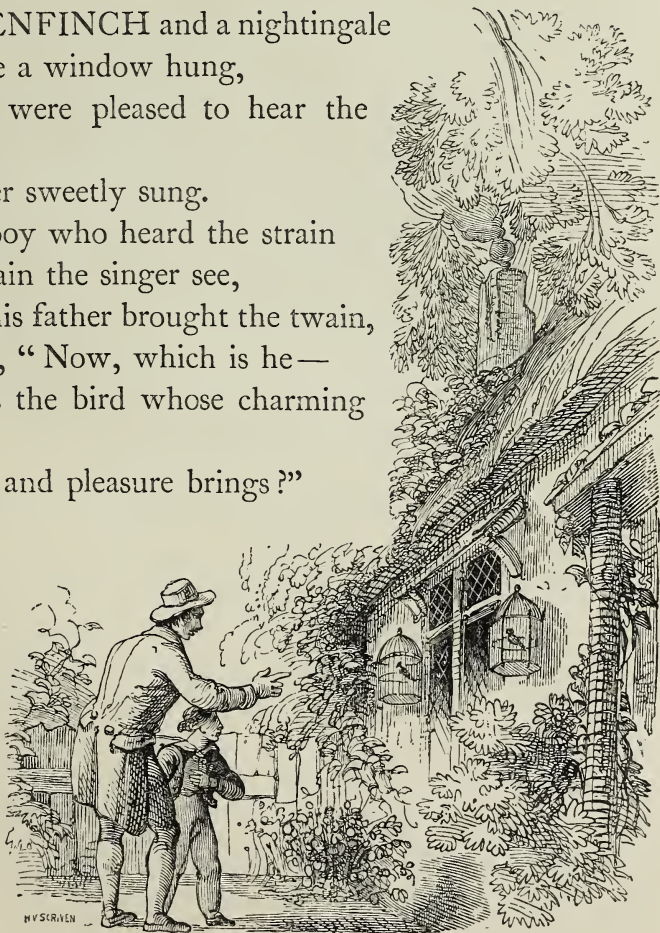
WHEN gentle Beauty
 to the skies
 Uplifts her softly lustrous
 eyes,
 In languishment of Love's
 young dream,
 She notes my *first* refulgent
 beam,

And sighs, nor well can tell for why,
 That I should throb or she should sigh.
 My *second* from a northern shore
 The ocean wide is carried o'er,
 To feed the pious and to bless
 On holy days the Lenten mess;
 While that my *whole*, though born to be
 As light as air and quite as free,
 A speckled chatterer, fat and well,
 Is yet content with men to dwell. (Starling.)

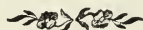
THE GREENFINCH AND THE
NIGHTINGALE,

OR APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

A GREENFINCH and a nightingale
Before a window hung,
And all were pleased to hear the
tale
The latter sweetly sung.
A little boy who heard the strain
Would fain the singer see,
And so his father brought the twain,
And said, "Now, which is he—
Which is the bird whose charming
lay
Such joy and pleasure brings?"



The little boy, without delay,
Replied—"That's he who sings—
The greenfinch yonder; see how gay
His radiant feathers shine;
The other bird, so plain and grey,
His song cannot be fine."
"You're wrong, my son," the father cried,
"The greenfinch scarce can sing,
Whilst nightingales for far and wide
Will make the woodland ring.
And so you will not always find
With gayest clothes the brightest mind,
But often there's the greatest gain
Beneath a garment neat and plain."



THE MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG.

PEACEFULLY slumber, my own darling son,
Close thy dear eyelids, and sweetly sleep on;
All things are silent, in slumber profound;
Sleep, and I'll scare e'en the gnats floating round.

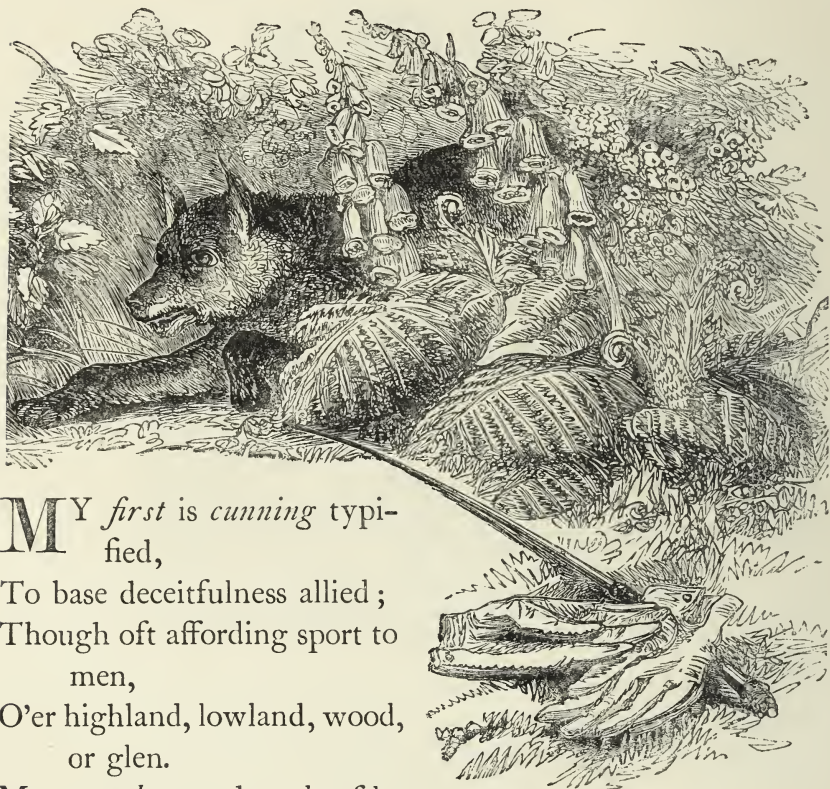
'Tis now, my dearest, thy life's early May;
Ah, but to-morrow is not like to-day;
Trouble and care round thy curtains shall soar,
Then, child, thou'lt slumber so sweetly no more.



Angels from heaven, as lovely as thou,
Float o'er thy cradle, and smile on thee now ;
Later, when angels around thee shall stray,
'Twill be to wipe but thy teardrops away.

Peacefully slumber, my own darling son,
I'll sit by thy bedside till dark night is gone ;
Careless how early, how late it may be,
Mother's love wearies not, watching o'er thee.

A POETIC CHARADE—(Illustrated.)



MY *first* is cunning typi-
fied,
To base deceitfulness allied ;
Though oft affording sport to
men,
O'er highland, lowland, wood,
or glen.

My *second*, smooth and softly
bland,

Doth press the fairest lady's hand ;
Or marks the gentleman, and shows
The polished taste of "bucks" and beaux.
My *whole* in forest wild appears,
Or by the hedge its head uprears ;
And, like some village steeple, swells
With burden of its fairy bells. (Foxglove.)



"AND A MOST BEAUTIFUL GARDEN IT WAS."

LOUISA MANNERS,

OR THE FARMHOUSE.

MY name is Louisa Manners; I was seven years of age last birthday, which was on the first of May. I remember only four birthdays. The day I was four years old was the first that I recollect. On the morning of that day, as soon as I awoke, I crept into mamma's bed and said, "Open your eyes, mamma, for it is my birthday. Open your eyes, and look at me!" Then mamma told me I should ride

in a post-chaise, and see my grandmamma and my sister Sarah. Grandmamma lived at a farmhouse in the country, and I had never in all my life been out of



LOUISA MANNERS.

London; no, nor had I ever seen a bit of green grass, except in the Drapers' Garden, which is near my papa's house in Broad-street; nor had I ever been in a carriage before that happy birthday.

I ran about the house talking of where I was going, and rejoicing so that it was my birthday, that when I got into the chaise I was tired and fell asleep.

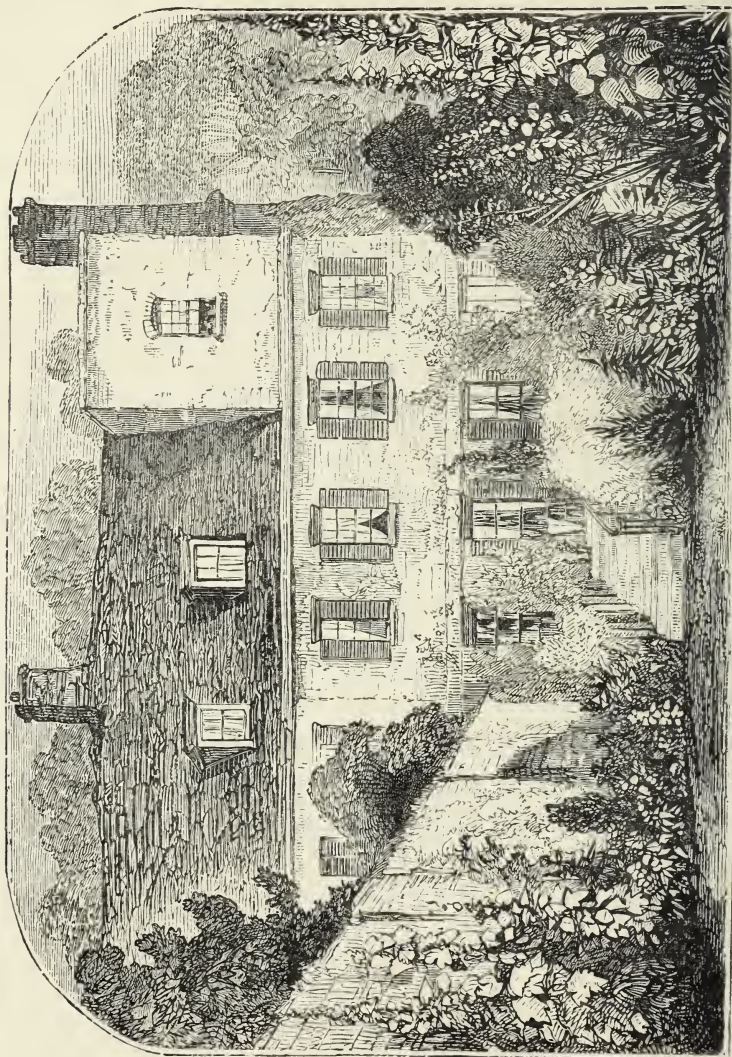
When I awoke I saw the green fields on both sides of the chaise, and the fields were full, quite full, of bright shining yellow flowers, and sheep and young lambs were feeding in them. I jumped and clapped my hands together for joy, and I cried out, "This is

"'Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs,'"

for I knew many of Watts's hymns by heart.

The trees and hedges seemed to fly swiftly by us, and one field and the sheep and the young lambs passed away; and then another field came, and that was full of cows; and then another field, and all the pretty sheep returned; and there was no end of these charming sights till we came quite to grandmamma's house, which stood all alone by itself, no house to be seen at all near it.

Grandmamma was very glad to see me, and she was very sorry that I did not remember her, though I had been so fond of her when she was in town but a few months before. I was quite ashamed of my bad memory. My sister Sarah showed me all the beautiful places about grandmamma's house. She first took me into the farmyard, and I peeped into the barn; there I saw a man threshing, and as he beat the corn with his flail he made such a dreadful noise that I was frightened and ran away; my sister persuaded me to return; she said Will Tasker



GRANDMAMMA'S HOUSE.

was very good-natured ; then I went back and peeped at him again ; but as I could not reconcile myself to the



FEEDING POULTRY.

sound of his flail, or the sight of his black beard, we proceeded to see the rest of the farmyard.

There was no end to the curiosities that Sarah had to

show me. There was the pond where the ducks were swimming, and the little wooden houses where the hens slept at night. The hens were feeding all over the yard, and the prettiest little chickens they were feeding too, and little yellow ducklings that had a hen for their mamma—she was so frightened if they went near the water! Grandmamma says a hen is not esteemed a very wise bird.

We went out of the farmyard into the orchard. Oh, what a sweet place grandmamma's orchard is! There were pear-trees, and apple-trees, and cherry-trees all in blossom. These blossoms were the prettiest flowers that ever were seen; and among the grass under the trees there grew buttercups, and cowslips, and daffodils, and bluebells. Sarah told me all their names, and she said I might pick as many of them as ever I pleased.

I filled my lap with flowers, I filled my bosom with flowers, and I carried as many flowers as I could in both my hands; but as I was going into the parlour to show them to my mamma I stumbled over a threshold which was placed across the parlour, and down I fell with all my treasure.

Nothing could have so well pacified me for the misfortune of my fallen flowers as the sight of a delicious syllabub which happened at that moment to be brought in. Grandmamma said it was a present from the red cow to me because it was my birthday; and then, because it was the first of May, she ordered the syllabub to be

placed under the May-bush that grew before the parlour-door; and when we were seated on the grass round it she helped me the very first to a large glass full of the syllabub, and wished me many happy returns of that day, and then she said I was myself the sweetest little May-blossom in the orchard.

After the syllabub there was the garden to see, and a most beautiful garden it was; long and narrow, a straight gravel-walk down the middle of it; at the end of the gravel-walk there was a green arbour with a bench under it.

There were rows of cabbages and radishes, and peas and beans. I was delighted to see them, for I never saw so much as a cabbage growing out of the ground before.

On one side of this charming garden there were a great many beehives, and the bees sang so prettily.

Mamma said, "Have you nothing to say to these pretty bees, Louisa?" Then I said to them—

“ ‘ How doth the little busy bee improve each shining
hour,
And gather honey all the day from every opening
flower.’ ”

They had a most beautiful flower-bed to gather it from, quite close under the hives.

I was going to catch one bee, till Sarah told me about their stings, which made me afraid for a long time to go

too near their hives ; but I went a little nearer and a little nearer every day, and before I came away from grand-mamma's, I grew so bold, I let Will Tasker hold me over the glass windows at the top of the hives, to see them make honey in their own home.



After seeing the garden I saw the cows milked, and that was the last sight I saw that day ; for while I was telling mamma about the cows I fell fast asleep, and I suppose I was then put to bed.

The next morning my mamma and papa were gone. I cried sadly, but was a little comforted at hearing they would return in a month or two, and fetch me home. I was a foolish little thing then, and did not know how long a month was. Grandmamma gave me a little basket to gather my flowers in. I went into the orchard, and before I had half filled my basket I forgot all my troubles.

The time I passed at my grandmamma's is always in

my mind. Sometimes I think of the good-natured pied cow, that would let me stroke her while the dairymaid was milking her. Then I fancy myself running after the dairymaid into the nice clean dairy, and see the pans full of milk and cream. Then I remember the wood-house; it had once been a large barn, but being grown old, the wood was kept there. My sister and I used to peep about among the faggots, to find the eggs the hens sometimes left there. Birds' nests we might not look for. Grandmamma was very angry once, when Will Tasker brought home a bird's nest, full of pretty speckled eggs, for me. She sent him back to the hedge with it again. She said the little birds would not sing any more if their eggs were taken away from them.

A hen, she said, was a hospitable bird, and always laid more eggs than she wanted, on purpose to give her mistress, to make puddings and custards with.

I do not know which pleased grandmamma best, when we carried her home a lapful of eggs or a few violets; for she was particularly fond of violets.

Violets were very scarce; we used to search very carefully for them every morning, round by the orchard hedge, and Sarah used to carry a stick in her hand to beat away the nettles; for very frequently the hens left their eggs among the nettles. If we could find eggs and violets too what happy children we were!

Every day I used to fill my basket with flowers, and for a long time I liked one pretty flower as well as another

pretty flower ; but Sarah was much wiser than I, and she taught me which to prefer.

Grandmamma's violets were certainly best of all, but



LOUISA AND SARAH.

they never went in the basket, being carried home, almost flower by flower, as soon as they were found ; therefore bluebells might be said to be the best, for the cowslips

were all withered and gone before I learned the true value of flowers. The best bluebells were those tinged with red ; some were so very red that we called them red bluebells, and these Sarah prized very highly indeed. Daffodils were so very plentiful they were not thought worth gathering, unless they were double ones ; and buttercups, I found, were very poor flowers indeed, yet I would pick one now and then, because I knew they were the very same flowers that had delighted me so in the journey ; for my papa had told me they were.

I was very careful to love best the flowers which Sarah praised most ; yet sometimes, I confess, I have even picked a daisy, though I knew it was the very worst flower of all, because it reminded me of London and the Drapers' Garden ; for, happy as I was at grandmamma's, I could not help sometimes thinking of my papa and mamma, and then I used to tell my sister all about London ; how the houses stood all close to each other ; what a pretty noise the coaches made ; and what a great many people there were in the streets. After we had been talking on these subjects, we generally used to go into the old wood-house and play at being in London. We used to set up bits of wood for houses ; our two dolls we called papa and mamma ; in one corner we made a little garden with grass and daisies, and that was to be the Drapers' Garden. I would not have any other flowers here than daisies, because no other grew among the grass in the real Drapers' Garden. Before the time of haymaking came

it was very much talked of. Sarah told me what a merry time it would be, for she remembered everything which had happened for a year or more. She told me



THE HAY-FIELD.

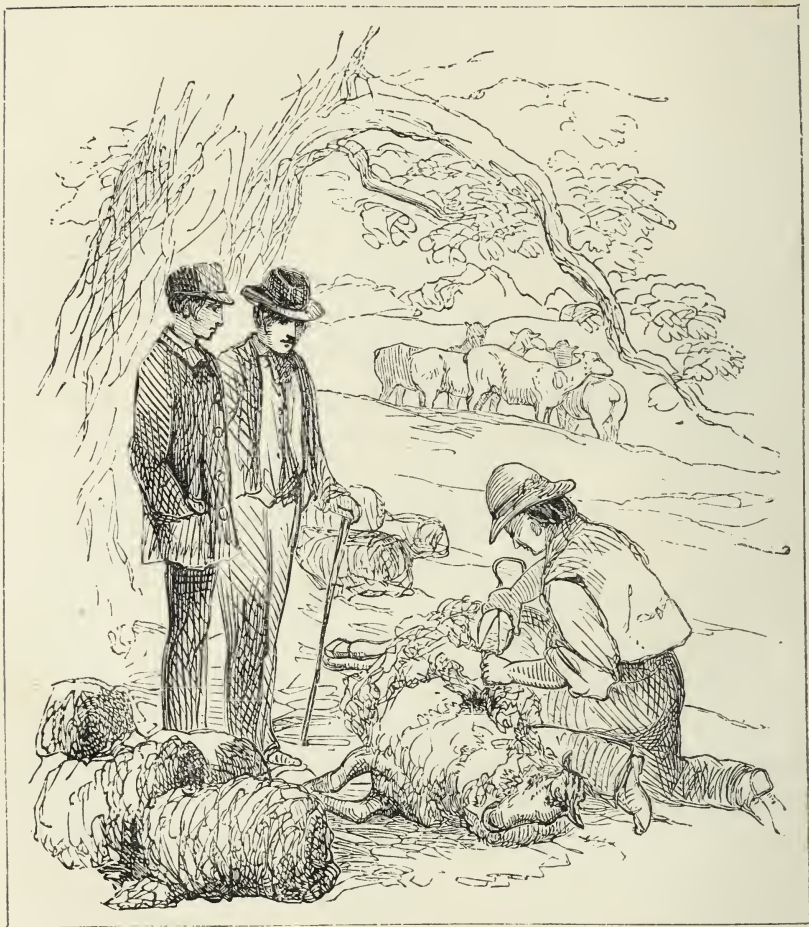
how nicely we should throw the hay about. I was very desirous indeed to see the hay made.

To be sure, nothing could be more pleasant than the day the orchard was mowed; the hay smelt so sweet, and we might toss it about as much as ever we pleased; but, dear me, we often wish for things that do not prove so happy as we expected; the hay, which was at first so green, and smelt so sweet, became yellow and dry, and was carried away in a cart to feed the horses; and then, when it was all gone, and there was no more to play with, I looked upon the naked ground and perceived what we had lost in these few merry days. Ladies, would you believe it? every flower—bluebells, daffodils, buttercups, daisies, all were cut off by the cruel scythe of the mower. No flower was to be seen at all, except here and there a short solitary daisy, that a week before one would not have looked at.

It was a grief indeed to me to lose all my pretty flowers; yet when we are in great distress there is always, I think, something which happens to comfort us; and so it happened now that gooseberries and currants were almost ripe, which was certainly a very pleasant prospect. Some of them began to turn red, and, as we never disobeyed grandmamma, we used often to consult together if it was likely she would permit us to eat them yet; then we would pick a few that looked the ripest, and run to ask her if she thought they were ripe enough to eat, and the uncertainty what her opinion would be made them doubly sweet if she gave us leave to eat them.

When the currants and gooseberries were quite ripe,

grandmamma had a sheep-shearing. All the sheep stood under the trees to be sheared. They were brought out of



the field by old Spot, the shepherd. I stood at the orchard-gate, and saw him drive them all in. When

they had all their wool cropped off they looked very clean, and white, and pretty; but, poor things, they ran shivering about with cold so that it was a pity to see them. Great preparations were making all day for the sheep-shearing supper. Sarah said a sheep-shearing was not to be compared to a harvest-home, *that* was so much better, for that then the oven was quite full of plum-pudding, and the kitchen was very hot indeed with roasting-beef; yet I can assure you there was no want at all of either roast-beef or plum-pudding at the sheep-shearing.

My sister and I were permitted to sit up till it was almost dark to see the company at supper. They sat at a long oak table, which was finely carved, and as bright as a looking-glass.

I obtained a great deal of praise that day, because I replied so prettily when I was spoken to. My sister was more shy than I; never having lived in London was the reason of that. After the happiest day bedtime will come! We sat up late, but at last grandmamma sent us to bed; yet though we went to bed, we heard many charming songs sung; to be sure, we could not distinguish the words, which was a pity, but the sound of their voices was very loud, and very fine indeed.

The common supper that we had every night was very cheerful. Just before the men came out of the field, a large faggot was flung on the fire; the wood used to crackle and blaze, and smell delightfully; and then the

crickets, for they loved the fire, they used to sing; and old Spot, the shepherd, who loved the fire as well as the crickets did, he used to take his place in the chimney-corner; after the hottest day in summer, there old Spot used to sit. It was a seat within the fireplace, quite under the chimney, and over his head the bacon hung.

When old Spot was seated, the milk was hung in a skillet over the fire, and then the men used to come and sit down at the long white table.

And that is how the time passed away at grand-mamma's.



A COUNTRY CAROL.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE CHICKENS.

(A Story told by the Moon to Hans Andersen.)

“ESTERDAY,” said the moon, “I was looking down into a little courtyard inclosed by houses; there I saw a hen and eleven chickens; a pretty little girl was playing round them.

“The hen was frightened and spread her wings over the brood, with terrified cluckings; and the little girl’s father came out and scolded the child. I glided on and thought no more about it; but to-night I happened to be looking down into the selfsame yard. All was still; but before long the little girl came out, stole on tiptoe to the hen-house, drew back the bolt, and crept in all among the hens and chickens.

“They cackled and clucked in a great fright, and the little girl ran after them. I saw it all clearly, for I was looking through a hole in the wall. I felt quite angry with the naughty girl, and was very glad when her father came out, and, seizing her roughly by the arm, scolded her more severely than before.

“She threw back her head, and great tears stood in her blue eyes. ‘What are you doing here?’ he cried.

“She wept. ‘I wanted to go in and kiss the hen,’



THE POULTRY-YARD—WHERE THE HEN LIVED.

she said, 'and ask her to forgive me for frightening her yesterday. I dared not tell you first.'

"Her father kissed her on her sweet, innocent brow; and I, too, kissed her eyes and lips."



LITTLE VANITY'S FIRST BALL-DRESS.

WHAT WILL THE DOGS THINK?

(Another Story told by the Moon.)



LISTEN to what the moon says. "I have seen the young cadet put on his epaulettes for the first time, the young maiden stand before her mirror in her first ball-dress, and the royal bride arrayed in her wedding robes; but never have I

seen such rapturous delight as I saw to-night shown by a little maid of four years old.

“She had just put on for the first time a new blue dress and a hat with pink ribbons. Every one in the room ran to the light, for my beams were not clear enough to show the finery.

“The little creature stood in the centre of the group, stiff as a wax doll, her plump arms held carefully away from her dress and her fingers outspread. Oh, how her eyes and her whole face shone with joy!

“‘To-morrow you may go a walk into town,’ said her mother.

“The child looked up at her hat and down at her dress, and cried with a happy smile, ‘Oh, mother, *what* will the dogs think when they see me in my new frock?’”

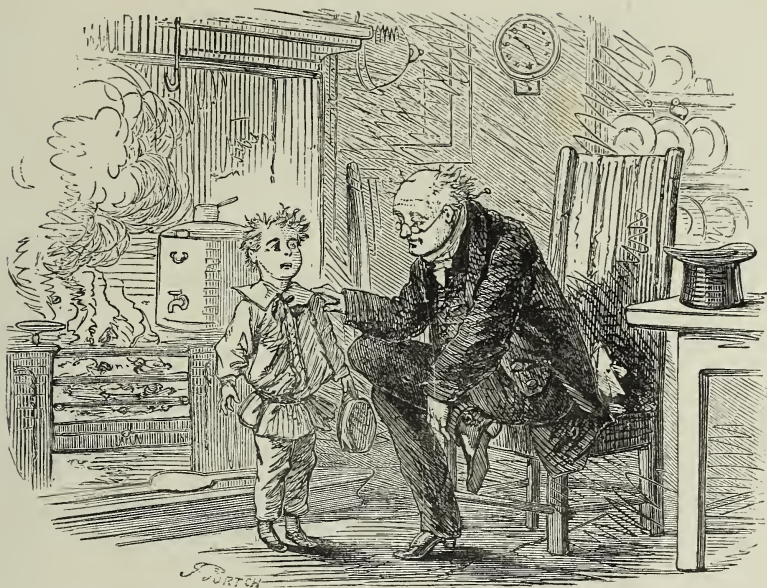


THE APPLE.



T was little Albert's sixth birthday; and his godfather came to see him after dinner, and made him a present of a sovereign.

While he was chatting with the parents the child ran away with his sovereign, and got out at the street door. Just at that moment a woman was passing



GODFATHER'S VISIT.

with some apples, and Albert said to her—"Look what a present I have got." "Ah!" said the woman, "my apples are finer; but if you will give me your present I will give you one of my finest apples for it." The little fellow was well pleased with the offer, gave her his sovereign, and took hold of the apple with both his hands. He then ran back to the room, crying out, "See what a fine rosy-cheeked apple I have got for my money!" Albert's papa and mamma scolded him severely for having been so foolish, and sent a servant to look for the woman, but she could not be found. The godfather was wise enough not to be angry with the little boy, who had not been taught

to know better, and only remarked to the parents, "How often we see grown-up people act as foolishly as this little child—giving away what is really valuable for some trifle that has caught their fancy for the moment, but can bring them no happiness in the end!"



SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE "AMAZON."

A NICE kind of nut that is found on a tree ;
A small kind of swallow you often may see ;
A part of a circle, not more than the half ;
A person employed to raise a great laugh ;
A magnificent tree, in England 'tis grown ;
A point of the compass to mariners known.
If now the initials of these you will take,
A very large river together they'll make.



THE GILDED WALNUTS.



NE Christmas eve a number of happy children were dancing round one of those bright Christmas-trees that are the delight of thousands of young hearts.

The tree was lit up on all sides with brilliant candles,

and its green branches might be seen laden with all sorts of sugar-plums and little playthings that were suspended from them. There were some gilded walnuts that especially attracted the attention of little Peter, who had been careering round the tree on a hobby-horse with a cocked hat of paper on his head, and he wished to possess them.

His mother said to him, "My son, these gilded walnuts have only been put there to make the tree look prettier; therefore let us leave them there. If you want some walnuts to eat, here are some for you." But Peter began to cry and scream, like a silly little boy that he was. "I won't have the nasty brown walnuts," he said, "I want the golden ones. I'm sure those pretty ones taste much sweeter."

The mother knew that often the best way to punish wayward children is to let them have what they want; so she gave the golden walnuts to the foolish little man, and divided all the brown ones among her other children.

Peter, in great delight, hastened to crack the beautiful nuts; but to his disappointment and sorrow they were all empty, and his brothers and sisters burst out laughing and ridiculed him, till he could have cried again with anger and vexation.

His father then said to him, "These walnuts were only intended to dress the tree and to make it look pretty, and were not to be eaten. I did not want to lose good walnuts, so I took some empty shells, fastened them together, and covered them with some gilt paper. There

are many things in the world like these deceitful walnuts: they are pretty enough outside, but empty within. Then, my dear little child, remember this maxim:—

“All that glitters is not gold,
Often have you this been told.”



A GOLDEN RULE.

HELP and comfort them that mourn,
Soothe the couch of pain—
Where thou findest one forlorn,
Raise him up again ;
For bread upon the waters cast
Is always surely found at last.

Trust in God's Providence.

(THOMAS FORD, 1620.)

Adapted by ARTHUR O'LEARY.

With feeling.

1. Lo, the li - lies of the field, How their leaves in-

- - struction yield! Hark to Na-ture's les-son, giv-en By the bless-ed

birds of heav'n! Ev'-ry bush and tuft-ed tree War-bles les-sons

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first line of the song, with the lyrics "sweet to me: Let us fly from doubt and sorrow: 'God provid - eth". The second system contains the second line, with the lyrics "for the mor - row!". The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both the right and left hands. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking and a crescendo hairpin.

sweet to me: Let us fly from doubt and sorrow: "God provid - eth

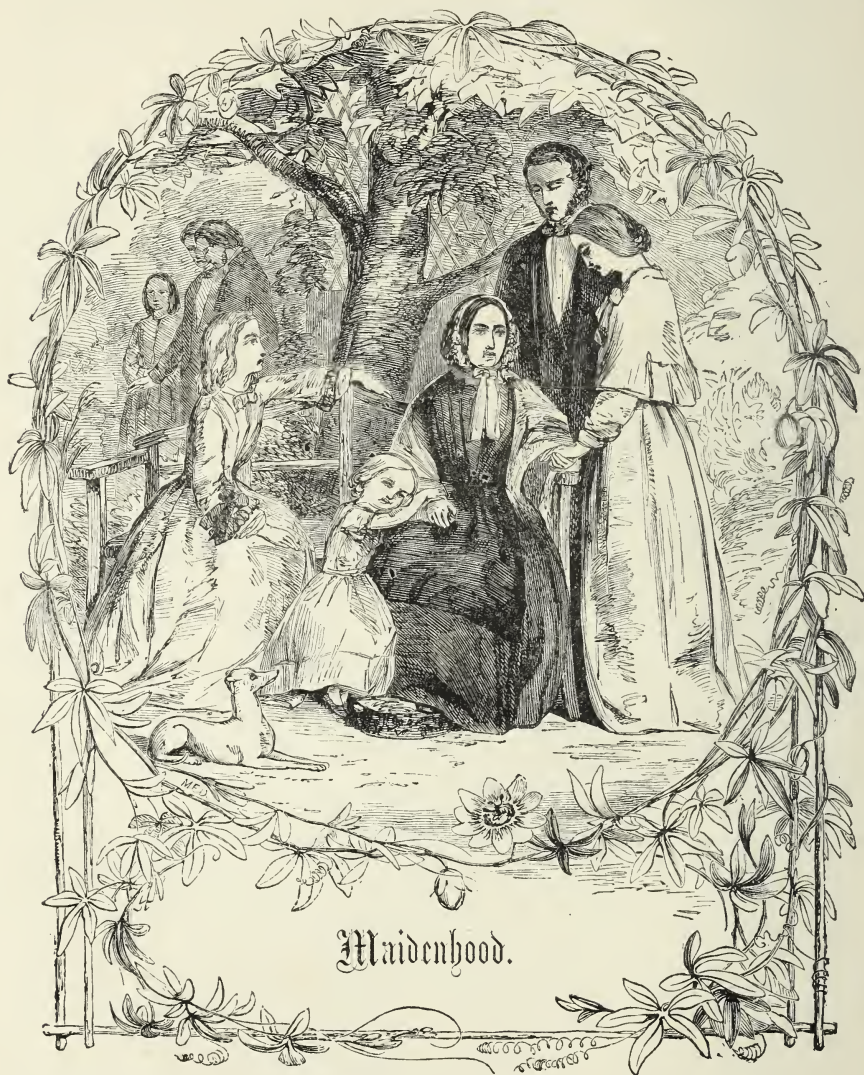
for the mor - row!"

2.

Say, with richer crimson glows
 The kingly mantle, than the rose?
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare
 Than we little birds of air?
 Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
 Yet we carol merrily;
 Fly then, fly from doubt and sorrow:
 "God provideth for the morrow!"

3.

One there lives whose guardian eye
 Guides our humble destiny;
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,
 Keeps our feathers, lest they fall.
 Pass we blithely, then, the time,
 Fearless of the snare and lime,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,
 "God provideth for the morrow!"



MAIDENHOOD.

O THOU child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

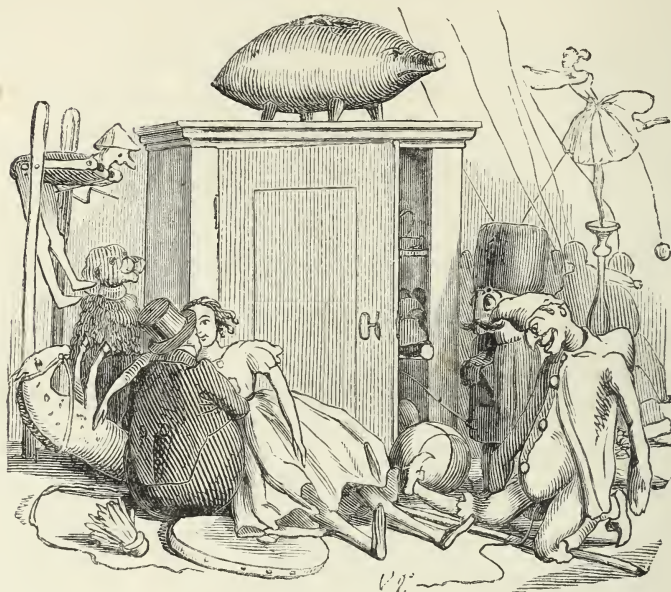
Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;
And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

LONGFELLOW.



THE MONEY BOX.

WALL the playthings were lying about in the nursery, and the money box stood on the chest of drawers. It was made of delf, in the shape of a pig, and had been bought at the china shop. There was a slit in its back large enough to hold shillings and half-crowns, and there were one or two half-crowns inside it, besides a whole heap of coppers. Indeed, the money pig was so choke full that it could not rattle, and that is the highest point of perfection to which a money pig can attain. There it stood, high and mighty

on the chest of drawers, and looked down on everything else in the room. It knew very well that there was enough inside it to buy up the whole lot—and that is what is meant by having a consciousness of one's own worth.

The other playthings thought as it did; but they did not mention it, there were so many other things to talk about.

One of the drawers stood open, and in it sat a large doll; she was beautiful, but rather old: you saw that by the patch on her neck.

“Let us play at men and women,” she said; “that is the best game.” Immediately everything began to be astir, even the framed pictures on the walls turned round and showed that they had a wrong side, not that they meant to object to the game in the least.

It was late at night; the moon shone in at the windows, so the playthings got their light cheap. The game was agreed upon, and every one was asked to take a part, even the children's go-cart, though that was reckoned among the very commonest playthings.

“Every one has his own place,” said the cart; “we cannot all be noblemen; there must be some to do the work, as people say.”

The money pig was the only one who received a written invitation; it was taken for granted that he would not come without. As it was, he did not send an answer, or say whether or no he would come; and he did *not*

come; he said that if he was to take any part in it he must be able to see everything from his own house, and they could arrange accordingly.

All the playthings agreed at once, and set up the doll's theatre just in front of the pig, so that he could see everything with no trouble. They were to begin with a comedy, and afterwards to drink tea and open a debating society. They began, however, with the last first; the rocking-horse spoke of training and pure breeding; the go-cart of railways and the properties of steam; it was all in their line, and they had a right to speak on such matters. The timepiece talked about politics—tic, tac—he knew the time of day; but it was secretly whispered that he was not correct. The cane stood up stiff and proud, thinking of his brass ferrule and silver knob; and on the sofa lay two cushions, pretty but stupid.

Now the play began. Every one sat and looked on, and they were asked to crack and clap and stamp when they were pleased. The riding-whip said he certainly should not crack for old people, but only for young ladies. "I will crack for everybody," said the popgun. The play was not very good, but it was capitally played. All the actors turned their painted side to the public, for they were never meant to be seen from the wrong side. They acted famously, right out in front of the footlights, for their wires were rather too long, but then they could be seen all the better for that.

The patched doll was so completely carried away that

the place in her neck broke out again from sheer excitement ; and the money pig was so pleased that he made up his mind to do something for one of the artists ; and he decided on mentioning one of them in his will and leaving him permission to be buried in the pig's family vault—when the proper time came.

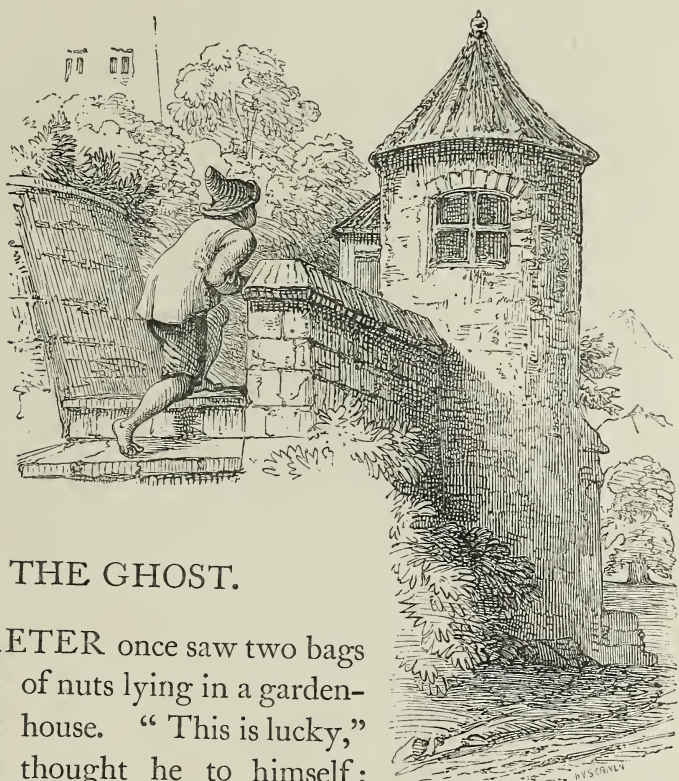


It was a very good thing that they had given up the tea-party and held the debating society instead : that was really just like men and women ; and there was no harm in it, for they were only playing, and every one was thinking either of himself or of what the money pig was thinking about. The money pig thought the longest, for it was thinking of its will and of its funeral. And when did

that come to pass? why, a great deal sooner than any one expected. Bang! down it fell from the chest of drawers on to the floor and broke all to pieces; the coppers hopped and danced about till it was a pleasure to see them; the smallest spun round like a top, and the large ones rolled all over the room, especially one half-crown who had always wanted to go out into the world.

And it did go out into the world, and so did they all. The pieces of the money pig were thrown into the sweepings and a new pig stood on the chest of drawers. It had not a farthing inside it yet, so that it could not rattle; and in that respect it was like the other, which was a good beginning for it,—and it shall be an ending for us.





THE GHOST.

PETER once saw two bags of nuts lying in a garden-house. "This is lucky," thought he to himself; and determined to steal them.

As it was now daylight, when such tricks are not so easily played, he waited till night—the time for evil deeds; though wicked people forget that the eye of God is on them in the dark as well as in the light. Peter, not thinking of this, or else stifling all good thoughts, slipped into the garden, and, entering the house, he lifted one of the bags and ran off with it. By-and-by, when



the moon shone out a little, he saw, as he thought, another person at his side, carrying the other sack. The figure was large and black, and his guilty conscience made him think it was a ghost. So he ran and ran, as a bad conscience lends wings to the feet, but the black figure still kept up with him. Breathless and half dead with fright, Peter reached home, having dropped the bag of nuts by the way. But it was soon found that the black figure which he took for a ghost was only his own shadow on the wall. Peter stole no more.



MISCHIEVOUS MONKEYS.

THE MONKEY.



A MONKEY got into the room of a rich miser, who never gave a farthing to the poor; and seeing a chest full of gold, he began flinging the sovereigns out of the window among the people till there was not one left. The monkey had just finished his job when the old miser came home; and seeing what had been done his rage was very great, and he would have killed the monkey on the spot if he had not jumped away faster than he came in.

A neighbour, hearing what had been done, said to the miser, "It was very foolish of the monkey, certainly, to throw the sovereigns out at the window; but it is still more foolish for you to keep them locked up in a chest, without making any good use of them."



THE KING OF BEASTS RUSHED UPON THE APE.

THE LION, THE APE, THE ASS, AND THE FOX.

(A Fable.)

THE lion had been not quite well for some time, and was obliged to keep at home in his den. When he got better, the different animals came to pay their court to the king of beasts, and to ask after his majesty's health. Now as the lion's den had not been aired for some time it smelt very close, and the ape was ill-mannered enough to hold his nose and say to the ass as they came in—"What a horrible

smell!" Thereupon the angry king of beasts at once rushed upon the ape and tore him to pieces.

Then the lion asked the ass what he thought of the den. The ass at once exclaimed that it was the most fragrant place he had ever been in, and that it smelt like a garden of roses. Then the lion, angry at the flattery of the blundering ass, served him just as he had treated the rude ape.

Then the lion turned to the fox, who had just come in, and who had not spoken one word. "Well, Master Reynard," said he, "and what do you think of our den? Is it fragrant or the reverse?" "Truly, sire," replied the cunning fox, "I am troubled just now with such a terrible cold in my head, that I cannot smell anything at all."



THE OCELOT.



THE WOOL-MARKET.

WOOL.



VERY valuable thing is wool. It would take more time than either you or I could spare if we were to count up the various things, such as blankets, coats, shawls, and many others, that are made of wool. In old times, before cotton had been brought from America, nearly all articles of clothing were made of wool, for only very rich people and great lords could afford to wear silk, satin, and velvet. There are two kinds of wool, the short and the long. These are the fleeces of different kinds of sheep, and are prepared in different ways. The long wool is the most valuable.

Sheep-shearing time is a very important time at the farmhouse; and clever shearers, who can clip close and quick, earn good wages. Very great flocks of sheep are pastured in the wide plains of Australia, and many great ships are laden every year with the wool that is cut from the sheep on the great sheep-farms. Our picture shows a wool-market. On one side you see the great sacks of wool being unloaded from the trucks, while a foreman, mounted on the truck, is putting down the numbers of the sacks in his book. In the centre of the picture an intending buyer is examining a sample of the wool to test the quality; and another gentleman is bargaining with the seller for a quantity of it. In due time the wool will be taken to one of the great factories at Leeds or elsewhere to be made into cloth, or flannel, or blankets.

THE ECHO.



GEORGE did not know in the least what an echo was. One day when he was out in the fields, shouting and singing, he was surprised to hear his words repeated, as if they came from some one in the neighbouring wood. The little boy then called out, "Who are you?" and immediately he heard the same words repeated by some mysterious voice. George then called out again, as loud as he could, "You must be some foolish boy." "Foolish boy!" replied the voice from the wood. George now began to get angry, and said some very ill-natured things in reply, which were all faithfully repeated by the echo. George then began looking about for the little boy, who he thought was mocking him, in order to give the said boy a beating; but all his search was in vain.

So he ran home and told his mother how some naughty boy had hidden himself in the wood and mocked him by repeating his words. "My dear boy," she replied, "you are quite mistaken. It was only your own words which you heard; just as when you look into a mirror or a piece of water you see your own face reflected back; and if you had spoken kindly you would have received back kind words in reply. And so it is in the world, in our dealings with those about us. Their conduct to us is generally an echo of ours to them; and if we behave civilly to them, they will do the same to us."



THE OLD SOW'S ADVICE.

“**M**Y dear children,” said the old sow, “you must be very careful, and keep yourselves very neat and tidy ; and you must not lie down in the gutters, nor mumble at the cabbage-stalks, when you are taken for a walk through the streets ; and when you eat your suppers you are not to put your feet in the trough, and push and hustle each other, and grunt and squeak, but be very neat and genteel.”

And all the little pigs listened ; but they did exactly as they saw her do, and grew up to be fine pigs.



THE OTTER AT HOME.

THE OTTER.



F there is one animal whom the skilful fisherman thoroughly dislikes, that animal is the otter. And why does the fisherman dislike the otter? Why, because the otter is a kind of fisherman himself, and a very wasteful and destructive fisherman too. He makes his home by the side of a lonely river, or on the border of a lake. In the winter time he will live near the sea, because the fishing is better there; and in the summer time he makes his way up the rivers and freshwater lakes. He is a capital diver, and can remain a long time under water. His toes are joined together by a skin, like a duck's foot, and consequently he is a good swimmer. He is great at diving for fish, and will come up with one in his mouth, and discuss it with great enjoyment, sitting on some lonely rock beside his favourite lake.

The worst of him is that he is very wasteful. For instance, he will kill a fine salmon trout, and perhaps only gnaw a few inches off the back, and leave the rest lying on the bank, and the next time he is hungry he will go off in search of fresh prey, so he wastes far more than he devours, and a single otter will destroy a great quantity of fish in the season.

In Scotland it used to be considered great sport to hunt the otter; and a particular kind of dog, called the

otter-hound, was employed to drive the otter out of his burrow or den. The hunters then killed him with their spears. When attacked the otter fights very fiercely if he cannot get away.

On the northern shores of America a species called the marine otter can be found. The marine otter is larger than the ordinary kind, and his fur is very valuable, for it is very silky, and thick, and soft. In China and other countries a single skin of this kind has sometimes been sold for twenty pounds.



LAPLAND.

“WITH blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou ?”
From Lapland’s woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crossed ;
Where tapering grows the gloomy fir,
And the stunted juniper ;
And where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten in the surrounding snow ;
Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear ;
Where the wolf and Arctic fox
Prowl along the lonely rocks ;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year ;



From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting seahorse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their sealskin boat,
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from the teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.—AIKIN.



A HAPPY PARTY BY THE RIVER BANK.

THE RIVER.

SLOWLY through the verdant mead
Yon graceful river wends its way;
How many flow'rets does it feed,
Which clothe its banks in colours gay!

How often on these banks I've strayed,
In youth-time's joyous holiday;
And in these waters have essayed
The spotted trout to make my prey!

Through many varied scenes I've passed
Of joy and grief upon my way,
My sky now clear, now overcast,
Since that, my boyhood's happy day.

Bright youthful joy and sanguine hope
No longer o'er my breast hold sway,
As, traversing life's downward slope,
Health, strength, and life itself decay.

But thou, fair stream, art still the same,
As fresh and full as on that day
When first to me thy banks became
The scenes 'mongst which I loved to play.



EVENING.

EVENING.

THE day is past, the sun is set,
And the white stars are in the sky ;
While the long grass with dew is wet,
And through the air the bats now fly.
The lambs have now laid down to sleep,
The birds have long since sought their nests;
The air is still, and dark, and deep,
On the hillside the old wood rests.
Yet of the dark I have no fear,
But feel as safe as when 'tis light,
For I know God is with me there,
And He will guard me through the night.
For God is by me when I pray ;
And when I close mine eyes in sleep
I know that He will with me stay,
And watch by me all night will keep.
For He who rules the stars and sea,
Who makes the grass and trees to grow,
Will look on a poor child like me,
When on my knees I to Him bow.
He holds all things in His right hand—
The rich, the poor, the great, the small ;
And when we sleep, or sit, or stand,
Is with us, for He loves us all.

THOS. MILLER.

SOME FUN OUT OF OLD MAVOR.



SURELY you all know Mavor's spelling-book ? Of course you do ; and many of you have learnt to read out of it, and a capital book it is ; and a great many examples there are in it of lessons in short words, and of lessons in long words, and of lessons in words of middle size. And now let us see if we can get some fun out of old Mavor, for we have had to puzzle over him many a time, have we not ? Here are some examples for you, with our own remarks.



HE WAS NEVER ONCE KNOWN TO FIGHT.

Mavor says : He was not once known to fight as long as he stayed at school. Be like Jack Hall, and you too will gain the love of all who know you.

We say : Yes, but he need not look such a dreadful

coward, or we shall think Jack Hall did not fight because he was afraid; and then he was not such a good boy after all.



Mavor says:
This is a good boy.

We say: We hope he knows all those books by heart, and can put up that umbrella.

Mavor says:
This is a dear girl.



We say: We hope she does not play croquet all day.

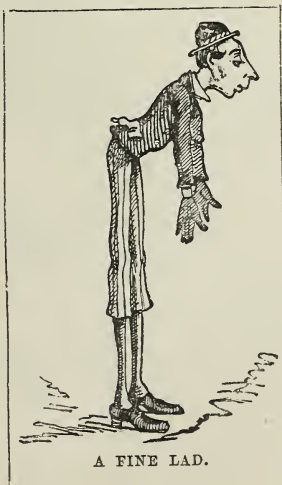


Mavor calls
this a bad man.

We say: We think him quite as handsome as his faithful dog.

Mavor calls
this a fine lad.

We say: He is too fine-drawn for us.





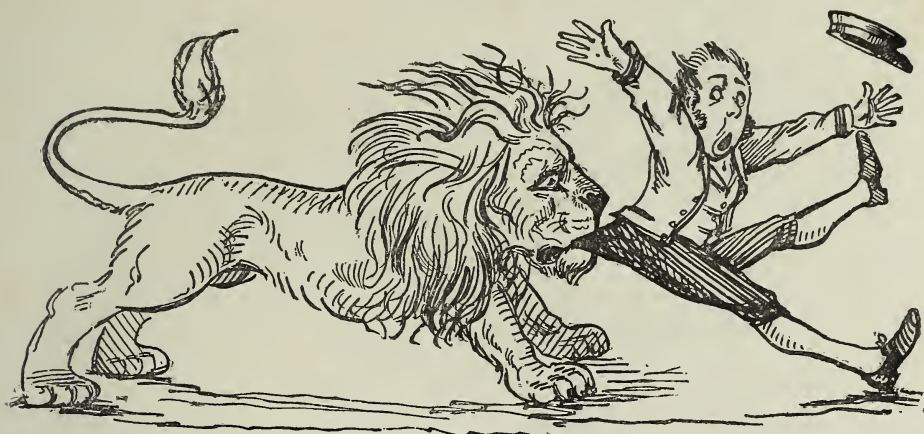
Mavor says:
Goats are very playful, but they sometimes butt against little boys.

We say: Whenever we meet a playful goat of that kind we always keep out of his way and let him play by himself.



Mavor says: Frank Pitt was a great fat boy; he had such a pair of fat cheeks that he could scarce see out of his eyes.

We say: He looks a horrid boy; and if he came to see us we should not let him in at all, but tell him to go and run nine times round the park, to get rid of some of his fat, and then to turn head-over-heels three times.



TO HIS KEEPER HE APPEARS TO POSSESS NO SMALL DEGREE OF ATTACHMENT.

Mavor says : To his keeper he appears to possess no small degree of attachment.

We say : We should not quite like a lion to be attached to us in this way, because, you see, he might tear our clothes; and if he happened to bite more than the clothes it might hurt us, and we do not like to be hurt. And that is all we have to say about this attached lion.

Mavor says : What is a nose for ?
To smell with.

We say : It is certainly not to turn up as this gentleman turns up his, nor ought it to look so red and fiery as this gentleman's nose does. But perhaps he knows best.



WHAT IS A NOSE FOR?



Then we say, you had better wait till you get them, and make less noise.



Mavor asks: What are ears for?

We say: That ears are not to be kept open to hear everything they can pick up, especially things that don't concern the hearer; and that's our opinion.



Mavor says: He saw a man and a pig. But it is not often that you see a man and a pig all in one, though it happens sometimes.

Mavor says: We are up.

We say: Yes, up on the Monument; and we hope you like it, and will not feel tired by the time you get down.

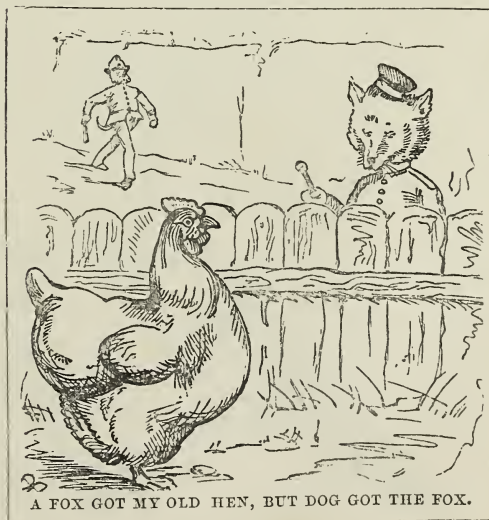


We shall be very glad if our policeman bull-dog is able to lay paws on this verysly, soldierly-looking fox, for we think he is after no good, but quite the reverse.



“What are eyes for?” says *Mavor*.

We say: Not to roll about or to squint with, remember that.



Do as you are bid, or it may be bad for you, says *Mavor*.

We say: That if the gentleman whose head is just



above the ice had gone to a skating rink instead of the *Serpentine*, he certainly would not have tumbled "through," though he certainly might have tumbled down, and neither is pleasant to the feelings.

We say: That if ever we saw an idle-looking bird in our life it is the one with the large beak, that is holding

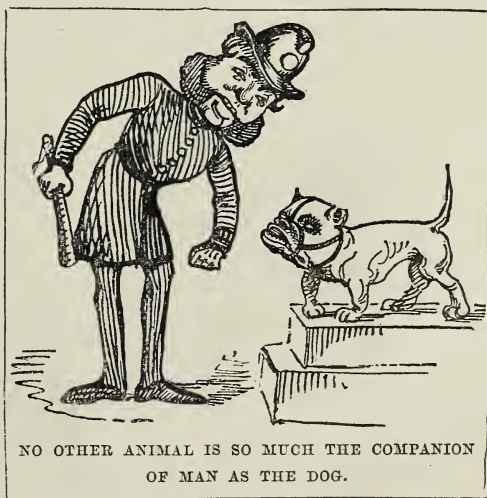


up its claw at the equally idle boy. We do not believe in this bird.

He said: "Bird, will you come play with me?" But the bird said,

Mavor says: "The dog bit my toe." And then he goes on to say, "No other animal is so much the companion of man as the dog."

We say: We do not at all approve of companions who bite our toes, and we say that this dog is an unprincipled dog; and we are very glad to see that they have put him on a muzzle since he bit the man's toe, and that the policeman is speaking to him about it; and we hope he will be taken up, and run in. And then he will have to learn not to delight to bark and bite and frighten children.



Miss Bond had a new doll; and her aunty who bought it gave her some cloth to make a dress for it.



We say: We hope that Miss Bond will make the dress well, and that her good doll will not catch cold before it is ready for her to put on.

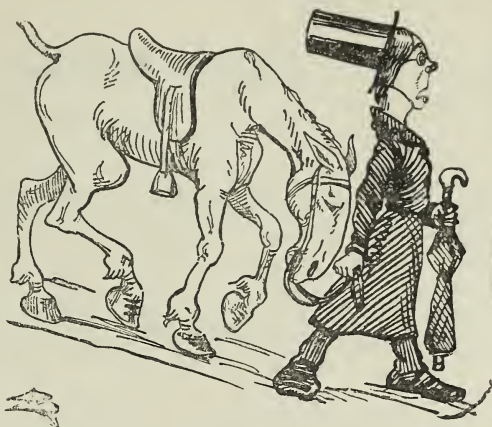
We say: That the gentleman in the middle, with the



red nose, ought to be careful how he removes other people's hats, for fear of getting a topper for himself some fine day; for that is what generally happens to such funny gentlemen in the end; and then they leave off being funny.

Mavor says : The horse is a noble creature, and very useful to man.

We say: Decidedly so; but you ought to give him some corn, or he will grow thin, and we prefer him with a tail, but of course tastes differ in this.



THE HORSE IS A NOBLE CREATURE, AND
VERY USEFUL TO MAN.

Mavor says : The ass is humble, patient, and quiet.

We say: Not always so; for we have known creatures that were not at all humble, or patient, or quiet, and yet they were great asses, as everybody who knew them found out. But this is between ourselves, and so we hope you will not tell anybody anything about it, for fear people might be offended.



THE ASS IS HUMBLE, PATIENT, AND QUIET.

Child's Morning Song.

(OLD CAROL.)

Lively.

Adapted by ARTHUR O'LEARY.

1. What happens in the morning, When the sun comes to the skies?

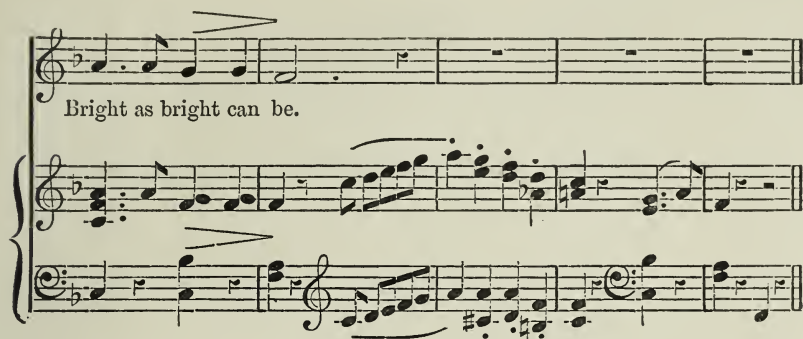
The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, and begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major). The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, starting with a bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Lively.' and the dynamics are 'mf' (mezzo-forte).

All the little chil - dren Open wide their eyes. When their eyes are

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are 'All the little chil - dren Open wide their eyes. When their eyes are'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line.

o - pen, What do children see? Trees and birds, and blos - soms

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'o - pen, What do children see? Trees and birds, and blos - soms'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.



2.

Is there not for children
 Something more than this
 Mamma stands beside them,
 With a morning kiss.
 Her smile is more than sunshine,
 And her loving words
 Are better than the singing
 Of ten thousand birds.

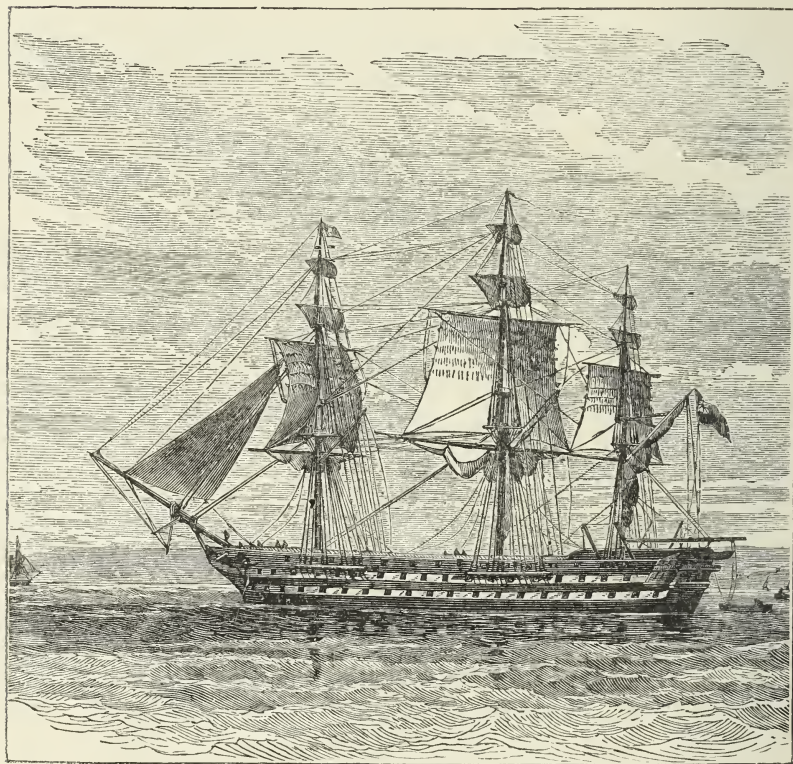
3.

God who made the blossoms
 And the birds and skies,
 Who gave us our dear mamma,
 With her smiling eyes.
 Send a loving angel
 To help us through the day,
 That we may be good children
 In all our work and play.

THE LIFEBOAT.

(BY REAR-ADMIRAL WARD.)

FINE ships and boats of many kinds
There are upon the sea,



A MAN-OF-WAR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

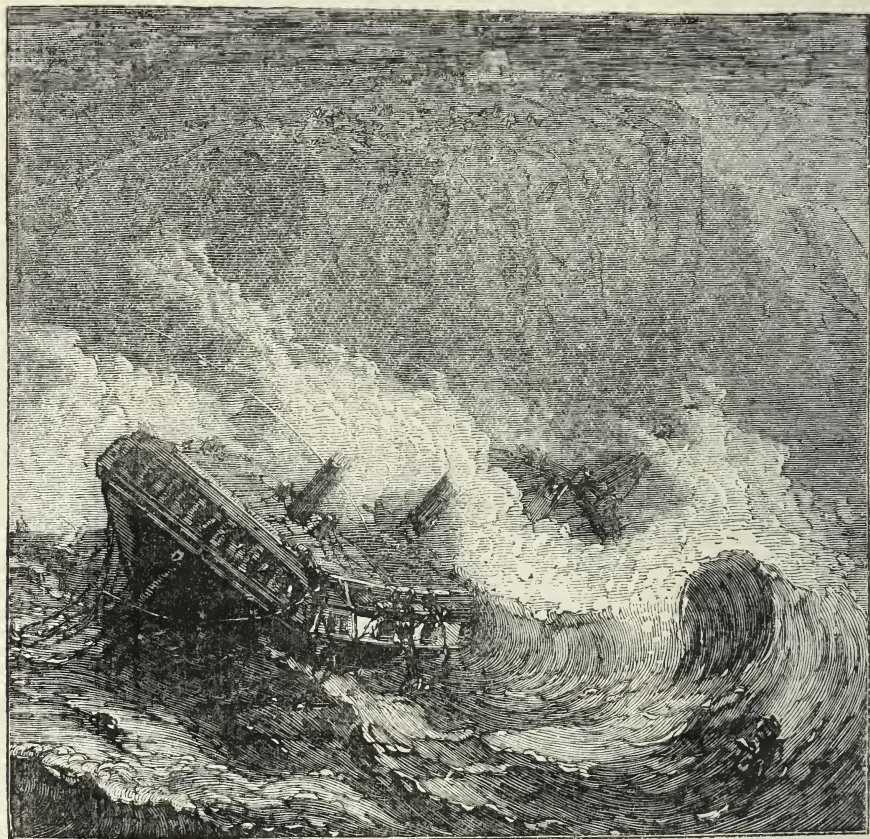
Some worked by sails, and some by steam,
And other sorts there be.

But of all the bravest ships and boats
That stem the briny wave,
The lifeboat is the boat of boats,
Built human lives to save.

Some ships and boats are built for speed,
Whilst some are dull and slow,
They're made to carry heavy loads,
And some are built for show.
But of all the bravest ships and boats
That stem the briny wave,
The lifeboat is the boat of boats,
Built human lives to save.

Some ships to carry passengers
Across the ocean wild,
Troops, travellers, and emigrants,
From their own land exiled.
But of all the bravest ships and boats
Upon the briny wave,
The lifeboat is the boat of boats,
Built human lives to save.

Brave boats too are those fishing craft,
With hardy crews and stout,
And scarce is there a thing which floats
We less could do without.



THE WRECK.

But of all the bravest ships and boats
That sail the briny wave,
The lifeboat is the boat of boats,
Built human lives to save.



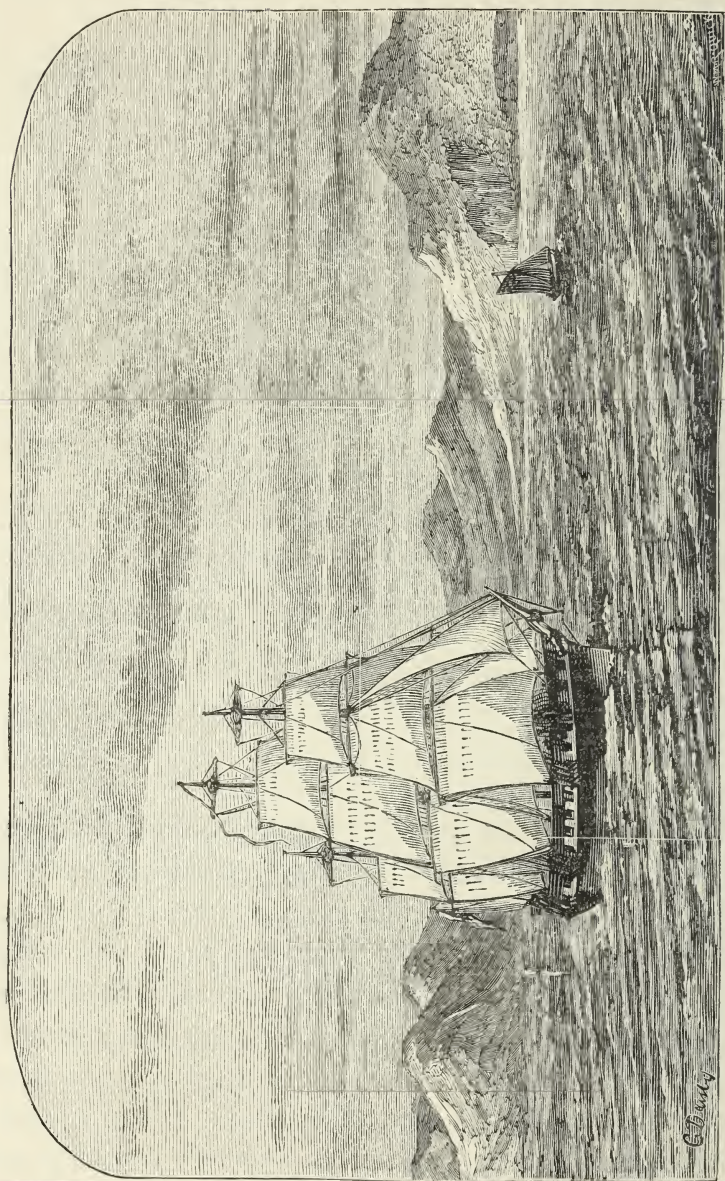
CALCUTTA.

ARABELLA HARDY,

OR THE SEA VOYAGE.



I WAS born in the East Indies. I lost my father and mother young. At the age of five my relations thought it proper that I should be sent to England for my education; I was to be entrusted to the care of a young woman who had a character for great humanity and discretion; but just as I had taken leave of my friends, and we were about to take our passage, the young woman suddenly fell sick, and could not go on board. In this unpleasant emergency no



A MERCHANT SHIP ON A VOYAGE.

one knew how to act. The ship was at the very point of sailing, and it was the last which was to sail for the season. At length the captain, who was known to my friends, prevailed upon my relation who had come with us to see us embark to leave the young woman on shore, and to let me embark separately. There was no possibility of getting any other female attendant for me in the short time allotted for our preparation; and the opportunity of going by that ship was thought too valuable to be lost. No other ladies happened to be going, and so I was consigned to the care of the captain and his crew—rough and unaccustomed attendants for a young creature, delicately brought up as I had been; but indeed they did their best to make me not feel the difference. The unpolished sailors were my nursery-maids and my waiting-women. Everything was done by the captain and the men to accommodate me and make me easy. I had a little room made out of the cabin, which was to be considered as my room, and nobody might enter into it. The first mate had a great character for bravery and all sailor-like accomplishments, but with all this he had a gentleness of manners, and a pale feminine cast of face, from ill-health and a weakly constitution, which subjected him to some ridicule from the officers, and caused him to be named Betsy. He did not much like the appellation, but he submitted to it the better, saying that those who gave him a woman's name well knew that he had a man's heart, and that in the face of danger he would go as far

as any man. To this young man, whose real name was Charles Atkinson, by a lucky thought of the captain, the care of me was especially entrusted. Betsy was proud of his charge, and, to do him justice, acquitted himself with great diligence and adroitness through the whole of the



SUNSET AT SEA.

voyage. From the beginning I had somehow looked upon Betsy as a woman, hearing him so spoken of, and this reconciled me in some measure to the want of a maid, which I had been used to. But I was a manageable girl at all times, and gave nobody much trouble.

I have not knowledge enough to give an account of

my voyage, or to remember the names of the seas we passed through, or the lands which we touched upon in our course. The chief thing I can remember (for I do not recollect the events of the voyage in any order) was Atkinson taking me upon deck to see the great whales playing about in the sea. There was one great whale came bounding up out of the sea, and then he would dive into it again, and then he would come up at a distance where nobody expected him, and another whale was following after him. Atkinson said they were at play, and that the lesser whale loved that bigger whale, and kept it company all through the wide seas; but I thought it strange play, and a frightful kind of love; for I every minute expected they would come up to our ship and toss it. But Atkinson said a whale was a gentle creature, and it was a sort of sea-elephant, and that the most powerful creatures in nature are always the least hurtful. And he told me how men went out to take these whales, and stuck long pointed darts into them; and how the sea was discoloured with the blood of these poor whales for many miles' distance; and I admired the courage of the men, but I was sorry for the inoffensive whale. Many other pretty sights he used to show me, when he was not on watch or doing some duty for the ship. No one was more attentive to his duty than he; but at such times as he had leisure he would show me all pretty sea-sights—the dolphins and porpoises that came before a storm, and all the colours which the sea changed to; how sometimes



THE WHALE FISHERY.

it was a deep blue, and then a deep green, and sometimes it would seem all on fire ; all these various appearances he would show me, and attempt to explain the reason of them to me as well as my young capacity would admit of. There was a lion and a tiger on board, going to England as a present to the king ; and it was a great diversion to Atkinson and me, after I had got rid of my first terrors, to see the ways of these beasts in their dens, and how venturous the sailors were in putting their hands through the grates and patting their rough coats. Some of the men had monkeys, which ran loose about, and the sport was for the men to lose them and find them again. The monkeys would run up the shrouds, and pass from rope to rope, with ten times greater alacrity than the most experienced sailor could follow them ; and sometimes they would hide themselves in the most unthought-of places, and when they were found they would grin and make mouths as if they had sense. Atkinson described to me the ways of these little animals in their native woods, for he had seen them. Oh, how many ways he thought of to amuse me in that long voyage !

Sometimes he would describe to me the odd shapes and varieties of fishes that were in the sea, and tell me tales of the sea-monsters that lay hid at the bottom, and were seldom seen by men ; and what a glorious sight it would be if our eyes could be sharpened to behold all the inhabitants of the sea at once, swimming in the great deeps, as plain as we see the gold and silver fish in a bowl of

glass. With such notions he enlarged my infant capacity to take in many things.

When in foul weather I have been terrified at the motion of the vessel as it rocked backwards and forwards, he would still my fears, and tell me that I used to be rocked so once in a cradle, and that the sea was God's bed and the ship our cradle, and we were as safe in that greater motion as when we felt that lesser one in our little wooden sleeping-places. When the wind was up, and sang through the sails, and disturbed me with its violent clamours, he would call it music, and bid me hark to the sea-organ, and with that name he quieted my tender apprehensions. When I have looked around with a mournful face at seeing all *men* about me, he would enter into my thoughts, and tell me pretty stories of his mother and his sisters, and a female cousin that he loved better than his sisters, whom he called Jenny, and say that when we got to England I should go and see them, and how fond Jenny would be of his little daughter, as he called me; and with these images of women and females which he raised in my fancy, he quieted me for a while. One time, and never but once, he told me that Jenny had promised to be his wife, if ever he came to England; but that he had his doubts whether he should live to get home, for he was very sickly. This made me cry bitterly.

That I dwell so long upon the attention of this Atkinson is only because his death, which happened just

before we got to England, affected me so much, that he alone of all the ship's crew has engrossed my mind ever since ; though, indeed, the captain and all were singularly kind to me, and strove to make up for my uneasy and unnatural situation. The boatswain would pipe for my diversion, and the sailor-boy would climb the dangerous mast for my sport. The rough foremast-man would never willingly appear before me till he had combed his long black hair smooth and sleek, not to terrify me. The officers got up a sort of play for my amusement, and Atkinson, or, as they called him, Betsy, acted the heroine of the piece. All ways that could be contrived were thought upon to reconcile me to my lot. I was the universal favourite, I do not know how deservedly ; but I suppose it was because I was alone, and there was no female in the ship besides me. Had I come over with female relations or attendants I should have excited no particular curiosity ; I should have required no uncommon attentions. I was one little woman among a crew of men ; and I believe the homage which I have read that men universally pay to women was in this case directed to me



in the absence of all other womankind. I do not know how that might be, but I was a little princess among them, and I was not six years old.

I remember the first drawback which happened to my comfort - was Atkinson's not appearing the whole of one day. The captain tried to reconcile me to it by saying that Mr. Atkinson was confined to his cabin, that he was not quite well, but a day or two would restore him. I begged to be taken in to see him, but this was not granted. A day and then another came, and another, and no Atkinson was visible, and I saw apparent solicitude in the faces of all the officers, who nevertheless strove to put on their best countenances before me, and to be more than usually kind to me. At length, by the desire of Atkinson himself, as I have since learned, I was permitted to go into his cabin and see him. He was sitting up, apparently in a state of great exhaustion ; but his face lighted up when he saw me, and he kissed me, and told me that he was going a great voyage, far longer than that which we had passed together, and he should never come back ; and though I was so young, I understood well enough that he meant this of his death, and I cried sadly, but he comforted me, and told me I must be his little executrix, and perform his last will, and bear his last words to his mother and his sisters, and his cousin Jenny, whom I should see in a short time ; and he gave me his blessing, as a father would bless his child, and he sent a last kiss by me to all his female relations, and he made me promise that I would

go and see them when I got to England, and soon after this he died ; but I was in another part of the ship when he died, and I was not told it till we got to shore, which was a few days after ; but they kept telling me that he was



JENNY'S HOME.

better and better, and that I should soon see him, but that it disturbed him to talk with any one. Oh, what a grief it was when I learned that I had lost an old shipmate, that had made an irksome situation so bearable by his kind assiduities ; and to think that he was gone and I could never repay him for his kindness !

When I had been a year and a half in England, the captain, who had made another voyage to India and back,

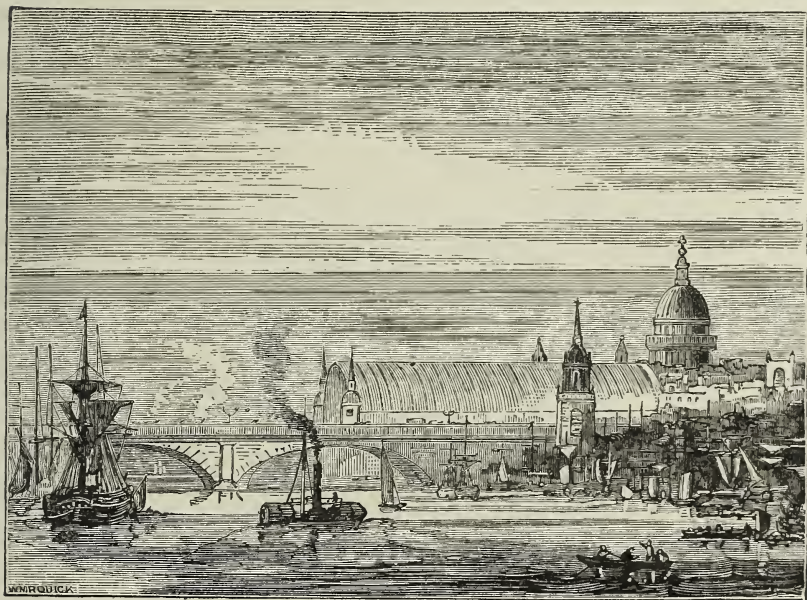
thinking that time had alleviated a little the sorrow of Atkinson's relations, prevailed upon my friends who had the care of me in England to let him introduce me to Atkinson's mother and sisters. Jenny was no more ; she



LONDON—THE THAMES AND THE TOWER.

had died in the interval, and I never saw her. Grief for his death had brought on a consumption, of which she lingered about a twelvemonth, and then expired. But in the mother and the sisters of this excellent young man I have found the most valuable friends I possess on this side the great ocean. They received me from the captain

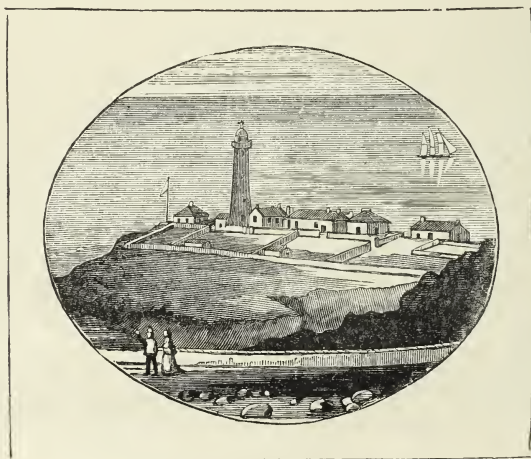
as the little *protégée* of Atkinson, and from them I have learned passages of his former life; and this in particular, that the illness of which he died was brought on by a wound of which he never quite recovered, which he got



LONDON BRIDGE AND ST. PAUL'S.

in a desperate attempt, when he was quite a boy, to defend his captain against a superior force of the enemy which had boarded him, and which, by his premature valour inspiring the men, they finally succeeded in repulsing. This was that Atkinson who, from his pale and feminine appearance, was called Betsy; this was he

whose womanly care of me got him the name of a woman ; who, with more than female attention, condescended to play the handmaid to a little unaccompanied orphan that fortune had cast upon the care of a rough sea-captain and his rougher crew.



A LIGHTHOUSE

ABOUT MANILLA.



HERE are a great many places in foreign countries where the manners and customs are very different from our own. For instance, in China there are thousands of persons who live entirely in boats, like Noah and his family in the ark. They cook, and eat, and drink, and sleep on board, and the little children are brought up in the boats, and the old people die there, and sometimes the young people too. In other respects, too, as regards the work they do, people abroad differ from people we have been accustomed to see at home.

There is a place called Manilla, the chief town of an island named Luzon, a long way off. It is a beautiful island, Luzon, and there is no frost or snow there at any time of the year. Rice, cotton, copper, cloth, and many other things are brought in ships from Manilla, and many of the fine walking-canes which smart young men are fond of carrying come from there. The boats are rowed mostly by women and girls, who grow very strong and skilful by constant practice in managing them. Our picture shows you one of these Manilla boat-girls.

In Manilla there sometimes happen terrible earthquakes. The ground rocks and trembles, and houses and churches are overturned and swallowed up in great pits that open, and many people are killed. Twice the greater



A BOAT-GIRL OF MANILLA.

part of the city of Manilla has nearly been destroyed by an earthquake, and the last time this happened was only a very few years ago. In an account given of this terrible earthquake we are told that a few minutes before it happened sulphurous odours were smelt, and then was heard a rumbling like distant cannon and a rushing sound like the approach of a heavy railway engine. More than a thousand people were killed by the falling buildings, and many thousands were wounded.

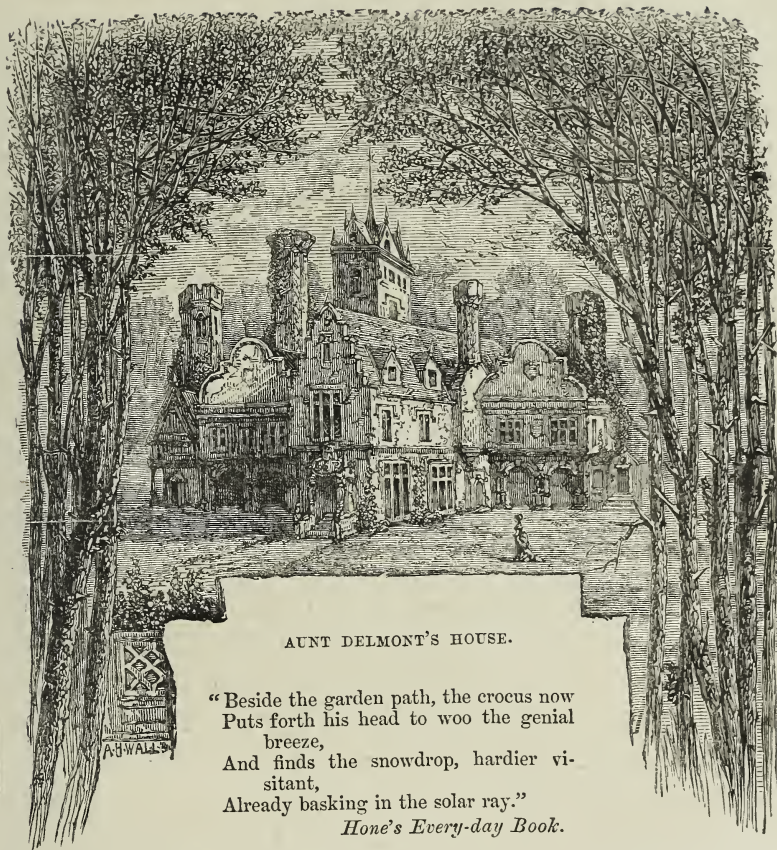


THE SLOTH BEAR.



ANGER—A LION AND A SERPENT.

ANGER is a lion raging,
Anger war is always waging ;
Anger like a serpent stingeth,
Anger pain and trouble bringeth.
For where anger enters in,
There the heart is prone to sin ;
Children, children, shun the danger,
Keep your hearts from rage and anger.



THE TWO DOLLS.



LUCKY day it was for little Fanny Elvington when her good aunt Delmont consented to receive her into her family, and sent for her from a fine old place, six miles from hence, Burdon Park, where she had been living with her maternal

grandfather, to her own comfortable house in Brunswick-square. Poor Fanny had no natural home, her father, General Elvington, being in India with his lady ; and a worse residence than the Park could hardly be devised for a little girl, since Lady Burdon was dead, Sir Richard too sickly to be troubled with children, and the care of his granddaughter left entirely to a vulgar old nurse and a superfine housekeeper. A lucky day for Fanny was that in which she exchanged their misrule for the wise and gentle government of her good aunt Delmont.

Fanny Elvington was a nice little girl who had a great many good qualities, and, like other little girls, a few faults, which had grown up like weeds under the neglect and mismanagement of the people at the Park, and threatened to require both time and pains to eradicate. For instance, she had a great many foolish antipathies and troublesome fears, some caught from the affectation of the housekeeper, some from the ignorance of the nurse ; she shrieked at the sight of a mouse, squalled at a frog, was well-nigh ready to faint at an earwig, and quite as much afraid of a spider as if she had been a fly ; she ran away from a quiet ox as if he had been a mad bull, and had such a horror of chimney-sweepers that she shrank her head under the bedclothes whenever she heard the deep cry of "Sweep ! sweep !" forerunning the old clothesman and the milkman on a frosty morning, and could hardly be persuaded to look at them, poor creatures, dressed in their tawdry tinsel and dancing round Jack of

the Green on May-day. But her favourite fear, her pet aversion, was a negro; especially a little black footboy



POMPEY'S FAMILY AT HOME.

who lived next door, and whom she never saw without shrinking, and shuddering, and turning pale.

It was a most unlucky aversion for Fanny, and gave her and her aunt more trouble than all her other mislikings put together, inasmuch as Pompey came oftener in view than mouse or frog, spider or earwig, ox or chimney-sweep. How it happened nobody could tell, but Pompey was always in Fanny Elvington's way. She saw him twice as often as any one else in the house. If she went to the window, he was sure to be standing on the steps; if she walked in the square garden, she met him crossing the pavement; she could not water her geraniums in the little court behind the house but she heard his merry voice singing in broken English as he cleaned the knives and shoes on the other side of the wall; nay, she could not even hang out her canary-bird's cage at the back door but he was sure to be feeding his parrot at theirs. Go where she would, Pompey's shining black face and broad white teeth followed her; he haunted her very dreams; and the oftener she saw him, whether sleeping or waking, the more her unreasonable antipathy grew upon her. Her cousins laughed at her without effect, and her aunt's serious remonstrances were equally useless.

The person who, next to Fanny herself, suffered the most from this foolish and wicked prejudice was poor Pompey, whose intelligence, activity, and good-humour had made him a constant favourite in his master's house, and who had sufficient sensibility to feel deeply the horror and disgust which he had inspired in his young neighbour. At first he tried to propitiate her by bringing

groundsel and chickweed for her canary-bird, running to meet her with an umbrella when she happened to be caught in the rain, and other small attentions, which were repelled with absolute loathing.

"Me same flesh and blood with you, missy, though skin be black," cried poor Pompey one day when pushed to extremity by Fanny's disdain—"same flesh and blood, missy!" a fact which the young lady denied with more than usual indignation; she looked at her own white skin, and she thought of his black one; and all the reasoning of her aunt failed to convince her that where the outside was so different the inside could by possibility be alike. At last Mrs. Delmont was fain to leave the matter to the great curer of all prejudices called Time, who in this case seemed even slower in his operations than usual.

In the meanwhile Fanny's birthday approached, and as it was within a few days of that of her cousin, Emma Delmont, it was agreed to celebrate the two festivals together. Double feasting! double holiday! double presents! Never was a gayer anniversary. Mrs. Delmont's own gifts had been reserved to the conclusion of the jollity, and after the fruit was put on the table, two huge dolls, almost as big as real babies, were introduced to the little company. They excited and deserved universal admiration. The first was a young lady of the most delicate construction and the most elaborate ornament—a doll of the highest fashion, with sleeves like a bishop, a waist like a wasp, a magnificent bustle, and petticoats so full and so

puffed out round the bottom, that the question of hoop or no hoop was stoutly debated between two of the elder girls. Her cheeks were very red, and her neck very



FANNY ELVINGTON.

white, and her ringlets in the newest possible taste—in short, she was so completely *à la mode* that a Parisian milliner might have sent her as a pattern to her fellow-

tradeswoman in London, or the London milliner might have returned the compliment to her sister artist over the water. Her glories, however, were fated to be eclipsed. The moment that the second doll made its appearance the lady of fashion was looked at no longer.

The second doll was a young gentleman, habited in the striped and braided costume which is the ordinary transition dress of boys between leaving off petticoats and assuming the doublet and hose. It was so exactly like Willy Delmont's own attire that the astonished boy looked at himself to be sure that the doll had not stolen the clothes off his back. The apparel, however, was not the charm that fixed the attention of the young people; the attraction was the complexion, which was of as deep and shining a black, as perfect an imitation of a negro, in tint and feature, as female ingenuity could accomplish. The face, neck, arms, and legs were all covered with black silk; and much skill was shown in shaping and sewing on the broad flat nose, large ears, and pouting lips, whilst the great white teeth and bright round eyes relieved the monotony of the colour. The wig was of black worsted, knitted and then unravelled, as natural as if it had actually grown on the head. Perhaps the novelty (for none of the party had seen a black doll before) might increase the effect, but they all declared that they had never seen so accurate an imitation, so perfect an illusion. Even Fanny, who at first sight had almost taken the doll for her old enemy Pompey in little, and had shrunk back accordingly,

began at last to catch some of the curiosity (for curiosity is a catching passion) that characterised her companions.



MRS. DELMONT.

She drew near—she gazed—at last she even touched the doll, and listened with some interest to Mrs. Delmont's detail of the trouble she found in constructing the young lady and gentleman.

“What are they made of, aunt?”

“Rags, my dear,” was the reply, “nothing but rags,” continued Mrs. Delmont, unripping a little of the black gentleman’s foot and the white lady’s arm, and showing the linen of which they were composed. “Both alike, Fanny,” pursued her good aunt, “both the same colour underneath the skin, and both the work of the same hand—like Pompey and you,” added she more solemnly; “and now choose which doll you will.”

And Fanny, blushing and hesitating, chose the black one; and the next day her aunt had the pleasure to see her show it to Pompey over the wall, to his infinite delight; and in a very few days Mrs. Delmont had the still greater pleasure to find that Fanny Elvington had not only overcome and acknowledged her prejudice, but had given Pompey a new half-crown, and had accepted groundsel for her canary-bird from the poor negro boy.



LITTLE NIGGERS.



THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.



THE MILL-STREAM.

THE SONG OF THE MILL.

MERRILY rolls the mill-stream on,
Merrily goes the mill,
And merry to-day shall be my song,
As ever the gay lark's trill.
While the stream shall flow, and the mill shall go,
And my garners are bravely stored;
Come all who will, there's a welcome still,
At the joyful miller's board.

Well may the miller's heart be light,
Well may his song be gay ;
For the rich man's smile, and the poor man's prayer,
Have been his for many a day.
And they bless the name of the miller's dame,
In cots where the lowly mourn ;
For want and woe at her coming go,
And joy and peace return.

Fair is the miller's daughter too,
With her locks of golden hair ;
With her laughing eye and sunny brow,
Still better is she than fair.
She hath lightened toil with her winning smile,
And if ever his heart was sad,
Let her sing the song he hath loved so long,
And the miller's heart was glad.

Merrily rolls the mill-stream on,
Merrily goes the mill,
And merry to-night shall be my song,
As ever the gay lark's trill.

G. COLMAN.



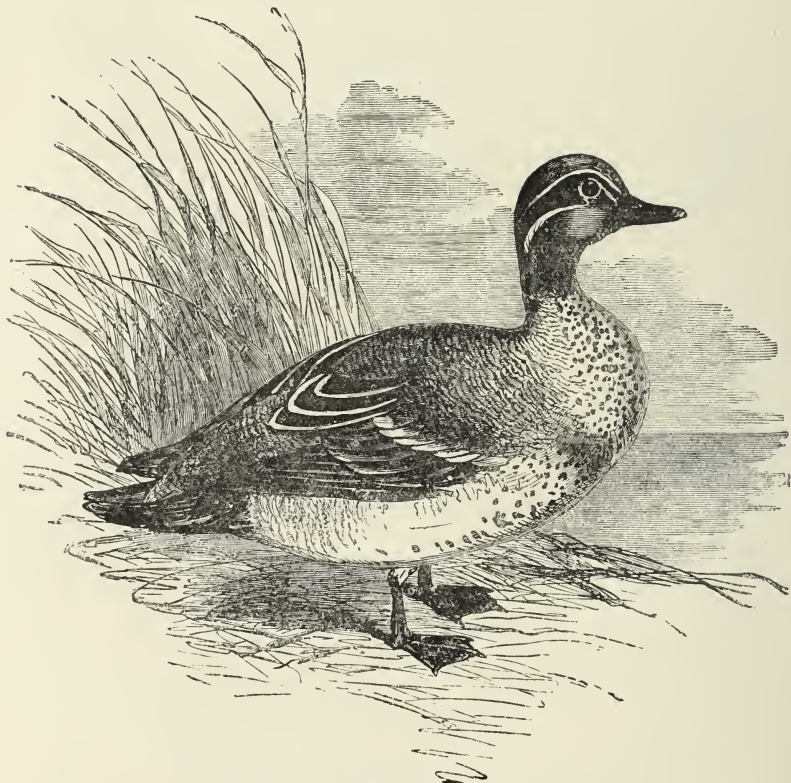
MISS MAGPIE.

MR. JACKDAW'S PARTY.

MR. JACKDAW gave a party,
Dressed in his best you'll believe,
And he called his gossip, Miss Magpie,
To help him his guests to receive.

They asked the little Starling
From the high tree over the way,
And gallant Master Nutcracker,
And pretty, merry Miss Jay.

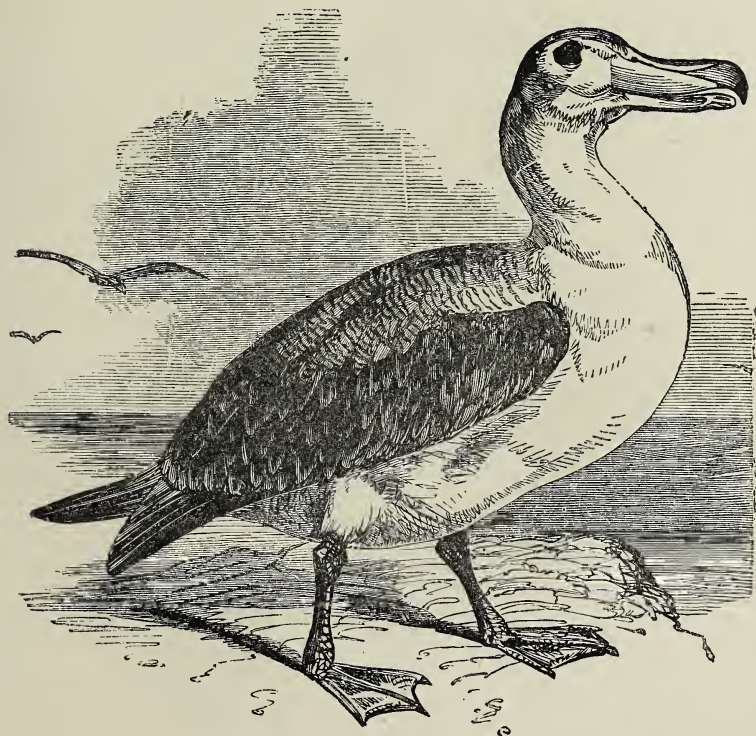
They thought of asking Miss Falcon,
But to leave her out they thought best ;
For she was so sharp, most likely
She'd quarrel with all the rest.



DAME DUCK.

'They sent an especial message
To ask that rare singer, Lark,
But Mole, who carried the message,
Got caught in a trap after dark.

Dame Duck was asked most politely,
But all entreaties were vain ;
Said she, " You laughed at my dancing,
And so I shan't come again."



MRS. GANNET.

Mrs. Gannet was quite delighted
To come at her good friends' call,
But she brought so many children
They wished they'd not asked her at all.

There came a bevy of Titmice,
And each one strove for a place ;
But they quarrelled and fought so fiercely,
It really was quite a disgrace.



NIGHTINGALE.

The Lapwing danced in the moonlight,
The Nightingale gave them a song ;
But the Sparrow whispered the Cuckoo,
And said, " Those last notes were wrong."



PHEASANT.

The Pheasants at home sat sulking ;
From pride they'd refused to go ;
They were sorry, but would not own it,
So they said the whole thing was slow.

The Hedge-sparrow went away early,
She thought that good hours were best ;
But the Cuckoo had got there before her,
And sat down right in her nest.

The birds now went down to supper
At kindly Miss Magpie's call ;
There were roasted gnats, and grilled spiders,
And worms, and a welcome for all.

Mr. Jackdaw sat on a tree-top,
And bade them be merry and gay ;
And the birds only wished he would give them
Such a party every day.

And when they had done their supper,
They drank his good health in fresh dew,
And gave him three cheers for his kindness,
And three for Miss Maggie too.

But a sly old Cat heard the cheering,
Who lived in a neighbouring tree ;
Said she, " What means all this uproar ?"
And she put on her boots to see.

But the Jackdaw soon saw her coming,
And he gave his guests this advice :—
" Get home now as soon as you're able ;"
And the party broke up in a trice.



THE PICTURE EXHIBITION.



THE BOY SAVAGES OF LONDON IN THE STREETS.

POOR BOYS, AND WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR THEM.



HERE you have a picture of what is too often seen in the streets of London. Look at these poor ragged little fellows, how they are tumbling over one another in the scramble for a penny which some one has most likely thrown down to them from the top of an omnibus! Look how they are



BOY SAVAGES RECLAIMED—THE TRAINING SHIP.

clad, or rather what poor shreds and scraps of clothing cling to them; think of their poor bare limbs, and their cold feet on the sharp stones and the icy pavement on a cold winter's day; and then be very grateful, all you who have good food to eat, and warm clothes to wear, and kind friends to take care of you, for it is Heaven's mercy that every one of you was not one of these poor street children.



THE FRUIT-MARKET—TEMPTATION.

And now look at the other picture. See these neat lads, in their blue frocks and caps and white trousers, all clean and comfortable, learning the sailor's art of tying knots, which the old sailor is teaching them. What a difference, you will say, between these clean, wholesome-looking lads learning to be brave and skilful sailors, and the ragged, noisy mudlarks looking out for halfpence tossed to them in the streets! These lads will learn to follow a useful calling in life, and may some day rise to places of trust and confidence. And yet they are the same lads who were tumbling about in the streets, with no one to look after them or to teach them what is right.

And how has this change been brought about? In this way:—

Some kind and good people who pitied the poor lads thus cast out in the London streets gave some money and much time and trouble to the task of establishing ships where such poor lads might be trained and taught their duty. The great men who govern the country for the Queen lent their aid and gave some old ships-of-war, and now there are several such training ships stationed in different rivers, and from these ships boys are taken for the ships-of-war as they are required; and we will hope that the blessing of Heaven will be on these training ships, and that many a poor lad may be rescued from want and idleness and taught what is good and right, so that he may grow up to be a good and a useful man.



A CHARADE.

SLOW upriseth the silver moon ;
Annie and I should be going soon,
But we care not my *first* what people say,
So let us a little longer stay.

To gaze at my *second* is so sweet,
As we hear the grass crunch under our feet.
Oh, who would prefer a squeezing throng,
And a blaze of gas, and a miscalled "song?"

Well, I have got to my bed at last,
And the god of dreams is upon me fast,
And I sink to sleep with contented soul,
Quietly watching the holes in my *whole*.

NOTE.—Any one who cannot guess this charade will do well to take a candle of some kind and read it over again ; a rushlight will do.



THE THUNDERSTORM.



LITTLE boy from the town, called Frank, had been gathering raspberries in the wood ; but when he wished to go back home again there arose a storm, and it began to rain, and lighten, and thunder. Frank was much afraid, and crept into a hollow oak not far from the road, for he did not know that lightning frequently strikes high trees.

Immediately he heard a voice which cried, “ Frank ! Frank ! Come, oh, come out quickly.” Frank quickly crept out from the hollow tree, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the lightning struck it, and the thunder rolled fearfully. The earth trembled under the terrified boy, and it seemed to him as if he stood in the midst of fire. No harm, however, was done to him ; and, praying with uplifted hands, he said, “ The voice came from heaven ! Thou, blessed God, hast saved me ! Thanks to Thee ! ”



THE THUNDERSTORM.

But just then the voice cried once more, “Frank ! Frank ! do you not hear me ?” and now he perceived that it was a peasant-woman who thus called ; and, hastening to her, said, “I am here. What do you want with me ?”

“I did not mean you,” answered the woman; “but my little Frank, who was watching the geese by yonder brook, and who must have hid himself about here from the storm. Look! there he comes out at last from the bushes!”

Frank, the boy of the town, now told her how he had taken her voice to be a voice from heaven. The woman devoutly folded her hands and said, “O my child! thank God no less for this matter. The voice certainly came from the mouth of a humble peasant-woman; but God ordained that it should cry aloud and call you by name without knowing you. He it is who hath saved you from this great danger in which you have been.”

“Yes! yes!” said Frank, with tears in his eyes, “God made use of your voice in order to save me. You certainly cried out; but the help came from Him.”





THE WREN.

“**L**OOK at that pretty wren perched there up high in the branches of that apple tree,” said Laurence to his sister Lucy; “wait, it will soon be mine.” He climbed the tree, placed a trap there to catch it, and then went to hide himself with his sister under a leafy bower to watch.

The bird fell into the snare, and Laurence hastened to climb the tree, but in taking the bird out he fell down. The bird escaped, and Laurence wounded his hand so severely against a broken branch that he was covered with blood.

Lucy said to him, "My poor brother! I think you will not wish again to climb trees to catch birds."

"Ah, well!" answered Laurence, laughing, "it is not this hurt which will hinder me from climbing the tree; but unfortunately the plot has failed. The wren will no more approach the trap from which it has escaped."

"If it is so," replied Lucy, "we must allow that the wren is wiser than you; for it will not expose itself to the peril which it has avoided; while you who have just wounded yourself, and who have only narrowly escaped a great misfortune, are willing to expose yourself again to the same danger."



THE SWINEHERD.

 HERE was once a poor prince; he had a kingdom, but it was a very little one. Still it was large enough for him to marry upon, and married he was determined to be.

Now perhaps it was rather bold of him to venture to say to the emperor's daughter, "Will you have me?" But he did venture, for his name was known far and wide, and there were hundreds of princesses who would gladly have said "Yes;" the question was what would *she* say?

Well, we shall see.

On the grave of the prince's father grew a rose-tree—a very lovely rose-tree. It only bloomed once in every five years, and then it bore only one rose—but what a rose! It smelt so sweet that any one who smelt it forgot all his care and sorrow. And the prince had a nightingale who could sing as if all the beautiful melodies in the world were hidden in her little throat. The princess was to have the rose and the nightingale, so they were both packed in silver cases and sent to her.

The emperor had them brought before him into the throne-room, where the princess was playing at paying visits with her maids of honour; and as soon as she saw the cases with the presents she clapped her hands for joy.



THE PRINCE.

"There was once a poor prince; he had a kingdom, but it was a very little one."

"If it is only a little pussy cat!" she said; but they brought out the rose-tree with its glorious rose.

"Oh, how prettily it is made!" cried the maids of honour.

"It is more than pretty, it is charming," said the emperor.

But the princess felt it and was ready to cry.

"Fie! papa," she cried; "why it is not artificial at all—it is a natural one!"

"Fie!" cried the court ladies; "it is a natural one!"

"Let us see what is in the other case before we lose our tempers," said the emperor, and out came the nightingale, who sang so sweetly that for a moment no one could think of anything to say against it.

"*Superbe! Charmant!*" said the court ladies; for they all spoke French, one worse than another.

"How the bird reminds me of the snuff-box of Her Imperial Highness the late lamented empress!" said an old nobleman; "the same tone—the same phrasing!"

"Yes!" said the emperor, and began to cry like a child.

"Now I do hope *that's* not a natural one!" said the princess.

"Yes, it is," said the messenger who had brought it.

"Then let it fly!" said the princess, and she would not hear of the prince's coming.

He, however, was not to be frightened; he stained his face a deep brown, pulled his cap over his eyes, and

knocked at the door. "Good morning, emperor," he said. "Can I be taken on in your employment at the palace?"

"Perhaps," said the emperor; "but there are so many who come to me for a place, that I do not know if I can manage it. Stay! it just occurs to me that I want some one to keep the pigs—we have an immense number of pigs here."

So the prince was appointed swineherd to His Imperial Majesty. He was given a wretched little room close to the pigsties, and there he had to stay; all day long, however, he was working hard, and by nightfall he had made a pretty little pot with bells all round it, and when the pot boiled the bells rang out the old tune—

"Ah! my dearest Augustine,
All is gone by."

But the great beauty of it was, that when you held your finger in the steam from the pot, you could smell in a moment every dinner that was being cooked in every house in the town. That was certainly a very different thing from the rose.

Now the princess came walking by one day, with all her maids of honour, and when she heard the tune she stood still and looked quite delighted; for she could play "Dearest Augustine" herself; it was the only tune she knew, but she could play that with one finger.

"Why that is the air I play," she cried. "He

must be a gentlemanly swineherd ! Listen : you go down to him and ask him what the instrument costs."

And one of the court ladies was obliged to go down, but first she put on wooden clogs.

"What do you want for that pot?" said the maid of honour.

"I want ten kisses from the princess," answered the swineherd.

"Goodness gracious !" said the maid of honour

"And I won't take less," said the swineherd.

"Well, what did he say?" asked the princess.

"I really dare not tell you," said the maid of honour.

"You can whisper it in my ear. He is very rude," exclaimed the princess, and she walked on.

But when she had gone a little way farther the bells rang out so sweetly—

"Ah ! my dearest Augustine,
All is gone by—gone by—gone by."

"Now, listen," said the princess ; "ask him if he will take ten kisses from my maids of honour."

"No, thank you," said the swineherd ; "ten kisses from the princess, or I keep my pot."

"How tiresome it is !" said the princess. "Well, you must all stand round me, so that no one can see."

The court ladies made a circle round them, spreading out their dresses, and then the swineherd got his ten kisses and the princess got her pot.



THE PRINCESS AND HER LADIES.

And highly delighted she was with it! All that night, and all the next day, the pot was kept boiling; there was not a single house in the whole town where they did not know what was being cooked for dinner, from the Lord Chamberlain's down to the shoemaker's. The court ladies danced for joy, and clapped their hands.

"We know who is going to have soup and pancakes, and who is going to have porridge and cutlets. Is not it interesting?"

"Oh, very!" exclaimed the first lady-in-waiting.

"Yes, but keep quiet about it, for I am the emperor's daughter."

"Certainly, certainly; of course we shall."

The swineherd—that is to say, the prince—though, for all they knew, he was nothing but a swineherd—let no day go by without making something, and once he made a rattle, which, when it was sprung, played all the waltzes, jigs, and polkas that have been heard since the creation.

"Really that is *superbe*!" said the princess. "I never heard a finer composition. Listen: you go down to him and ask what the instrument costs. Mind, I shall not kiss him again."

"He wants a hundred kisses from the princess," said the maid of honour who had gone to inquire.

"I think he is out of his mind," said the princess, and she walked on. But when she had gone a little

way farther she stood still. "One must encourage the fine arts," she said; "I am the emperor's daughter. Tell him he shall have ten kisses, as before; he can take the rest from my maids of honour."

"Oh! but we would rather not," said the court ladies.

"Nonsense!" cried the princess. "If I can kiss him, surely you can. Remember I find you board and wages." And they were obliged to go down to him again. "One hundred kisses from the princess," he said, "or each keeps his own."

"Stand round us, then," said the princess. So the maids of honour stood round them, and the swineherd kissed the princess.

"What is all that uproar down by the pigsties?" said the emperor, who was standing on the balcony. He rubbed his eyes, and put on his spectacles. "Why, I declare, it is the maids of honour at their tricks. I shall certainly have to go down to them." He slipped off his house-shoes—they were really shoes, but he had trodden them down at heel, and made them into slippers.

Fire and fury! what a hurry he was in!

As soon as he reached the yard he walked very softly; and the maids of honour were so busy counting the kisses and seeing fair play that they never noticed the emperor. He raised himself on tiptoe.

"What is that?" he cried, when he saw the kissing, and he let fly one of his slippers on their heads, just as the swineherd was having the eighty-sixth kiss.



THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD.

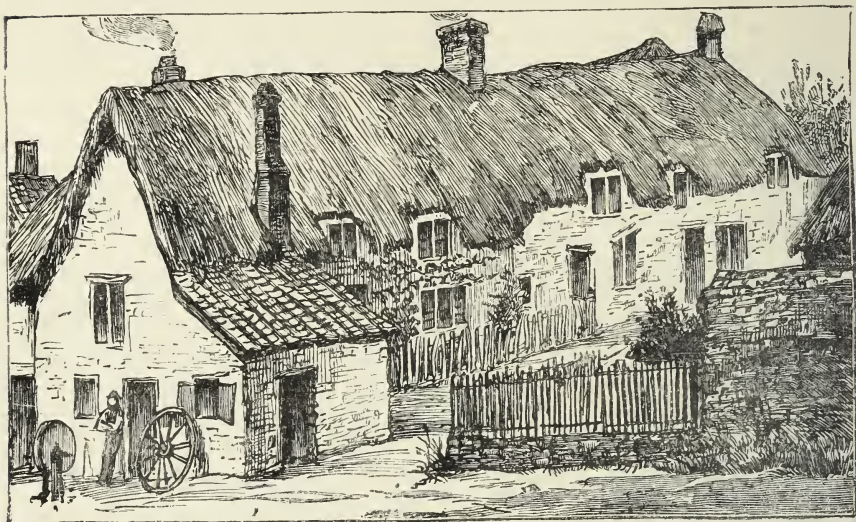
"Be off!" said the emperor, for he was angry. And the princess and the swineherd were both driven out of his kingdom.

There she stood and cried, and the rain streamed down, and the swineherd scolded. "Oh! miserable me!" cried the princess, "if I had only accepted the handsome prince! Ah! how unhappy I am!"

The swineherd stepped behind a tree, wiped off the brown stain from his face, cast away his mean clothing, and stepped forward in his royal robes, so handsome that the princess was fain to curtsy low before him. "I have got to this point," he said. "I despise you. You refused an honourable prince; you were not capable of understanding the rose or the nightingale; but you could kiss a swineherd for a toy, and this is what you get by it." Then he went into his kingdom, and shut the door in her face. So she was left standing outside to sing—

"Ah! my dearest Augustine,
All is gone by."





THE WATER AND BREAD.



IN a season of great famine a young boy, very poor, named Paul, came down from the mountains and went into the neighbouring village to ask alms at the doors of the rich.

Peter, the son of a large farmer, was sitting before his door, holding in his hand a big piece of bread. "Give me a mouthful of that bread," said poor Paul, "I am very hungry." But Peter answered him rudely, "Go away, I have no bread to give you."

The following year Peter went up into the mountains in search of a wandering goat. He wandered about a

long time beneath the burning sun, and was tormented by a dreadful thirst ; but could not find the smallest spring or stream of water. At last he saw the poor Paul sitting under the shade of a tree, and watching his sheep. A pitcher of water was at his side. "Give me to drink," said Peter, "I am very thirsty." But Paul answered him gravely, "Go away, I have no water to give you." Peter then began to cry, and, acknowledging his fault, asked pardon of the poor little shepherd.

Paul gave him the pitcher and said to him, "I have not a heart so hard as to refuse you a draught of water. I wish only that you confess your fault. Take, drink, and remember these words :—

"Shut not thine ear to the poor man's plea,
And the ear of the Lord shall be open to thee.'"



A CHARADE.

I AM an aged chronicler :
As year by year and day by day,
With each its load of cares and joys,
Have slowly passed away.

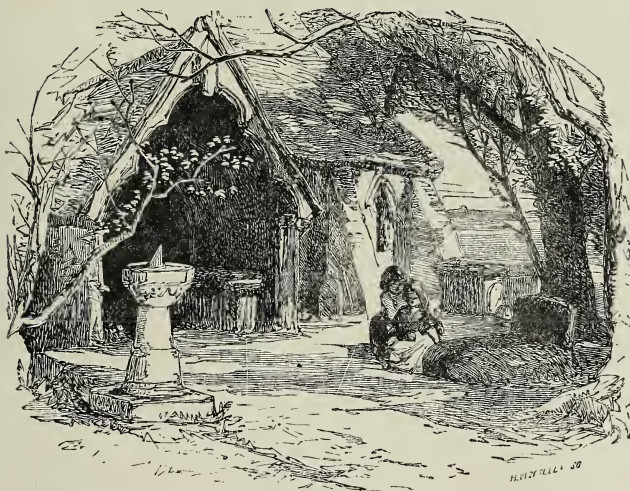


My *first* has gaily gilded some,
And gloom enshrouded other, hours,
Since first sweet Mabel set me here
To dwell among the flowers.

I watched her bloom of maidenhood
Pass into ripened matron prime,
As day by day, and year by year,
My *second* marked the time.

The oak has clad itself in green
For many, many years since then,
And I have witnessed chance and change,
And looked on many men.

Within yon aged churchyard's bound
The grass has grown o'er Mabel's breast;
My *first* with many a glowing smile
Has shone upon her rest.



THE ANSWER IS IN THIS CUT.

My *second* still doth mark unchanged
The fleeting moments as they pass,
Until my *first's* last lingering ray
Has vanished from the grass.

And many pause to gaze awhile
Upon my *whole's* quaint sculptured rhyme,
Half hidden by the ivy trails—
“I note ye steppes of Tyme!”



BY kings and princes I am owned,
Though not by queens and earls;
Boys, men, and women do me hate,
But I am found in girls.

Although I'm not in houses seen,
Yet still I am in bricks;
Mules, horses, donkeys, without me,
Could not give any kicks.

In blackness I am never seen,
But I am found in ink;
Although I'm not in water found,
Yet still I am in drink.

Although in thoughts I ne'er am found,
Yet still I am in thinking;
Although in no part of the face,
Still I am found in winking.



THE TWO BRITISH SAILORS TAKE THEIR EASE.

THE TREMENDOUS STORY OF TWO SAILORS AND A LION.

HERE'S Barney Buntline and Timothy Green,
Two fine British sailors as ever were seen.

They've been at sea for six months and more,
So now they're enjoying a run on shore.

They've crept in this cask in the heat of the day,
"Now we'll just have a quiet pipe," they say.

On a sudden there sounded across the plain
A distant roar—and it came again.



THEY HEAR A DISTANT ROAR.



THEY GET BEHIND THEIR CASK.

And rushing along, like a furious gale,
There came a great lion waving his tail.

Then the two brave sailors were struck with fear,
And Barney said, "Tim, just look at this here!"

And hardly thinking of what they did,
Behind the great water-cask they hid.



THE LION TRIES TO GET AT THEM.

But the mighty lion opened his jaws,
And the cask he seized with his great big paws.

The sailors they pushed with good intent,
And as for the water-cask, over it went.



THEY SECURE THE ENEMY.



THE ENEMY HOISTS A SIGNAL.

And so it happened, in spite of his teeth,
The lion was well secured beneath.

"Why, lookee here, Bill!" Thus Tim did shout,
"If here heant his tail a-sticking out."



THEY TIE HIS TAIL IN A KNOT.

Bold Bill he seized the tail in haste,
In a double knot he tied it fast,

And then the sailors danced with glee
The rage of the baffled foe to see ;

Then to their ships they hied away,
While the lion roaring with anger lay.



THE LION IS TERRIBLY ANGRY.



HE GOES AND TELLS HIS FRIENDS.

At last, when long he had roared and cried,
He managed to get his tail untied.

He went and told some lions, his brothers,
In order that they might warn the others ;

And last of all he spoke to the ape,
Who told him he'd had a narrow escape.



AND IS PITIED BY THE APE.

THE GOOD FATHER.



GOOD father was detained in the capital by important affairs, whilst his wife and children lived far off on a small estate in the country. One day the father sent his children a large chest filled with beautiful things, and accompanied by a letter, in which he said, "My dear children, be good and wise, and I will permit you to come and join me. Rejoice! for in the dwelling that I have prepared for you I have reserved many more presents of the rarest beauty."

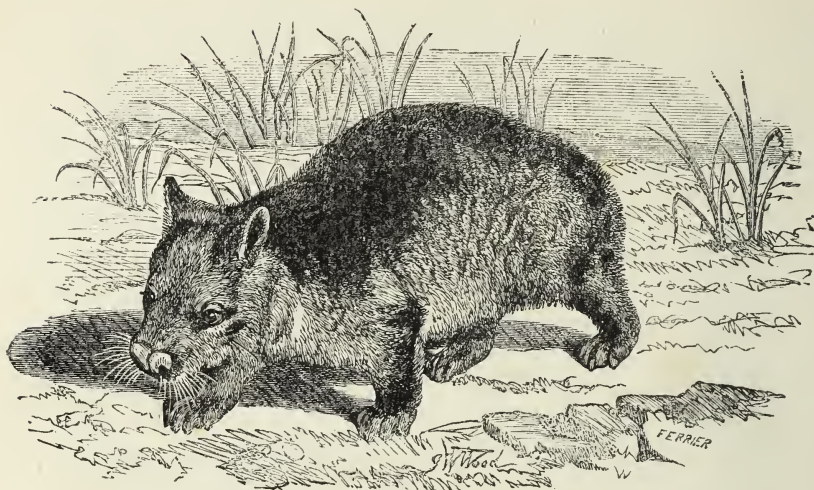
The children were delighted, and cried, "Ah, what a good papa we have! With what love he sends us all that can give us pleasure! And we love him, too, with all our hearts, although he lives so very far from us that we cannot see him, nor even recollect his features. Certainly we will on our part spare nothing that can give him joy; and we will try to carry out all that he has desired in his letter. How delighted we are that he has promised to take us near himself!"

"My dear children!" said the mother, "the good God acts towards men upon the earth as your papa has acted in relation to you. You cannot see Him, because He dwells in heaven; but He sends in His goodness a thousand magnificent and precious gifts. The sun, the moon, and the stars, flowers, fruits, and all the productions of the earth, are bestowed by Him. The Bible is, so to speak, a



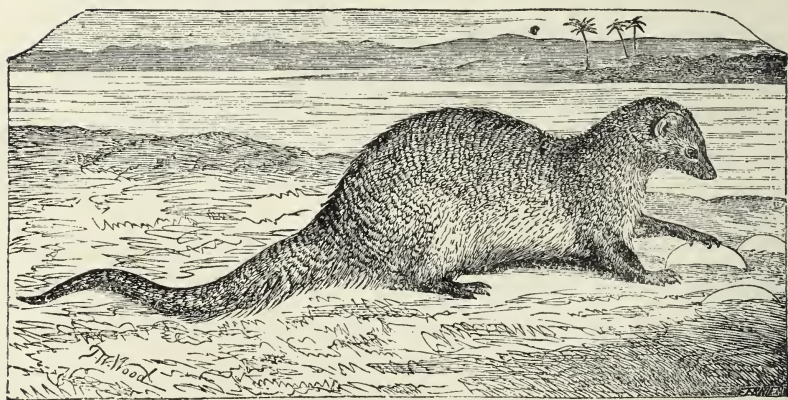
READING THE WORDS OF TRUTH.

letter which He has sent to us, and in which He reveals to us His will; promising to take us to heaven if we will keep His commandments. Oh! it is there we shall receive gifts much more costly and glorious than all we possess here! Let us render to the blessed God love for love. Let us seek to do His heavenly will."



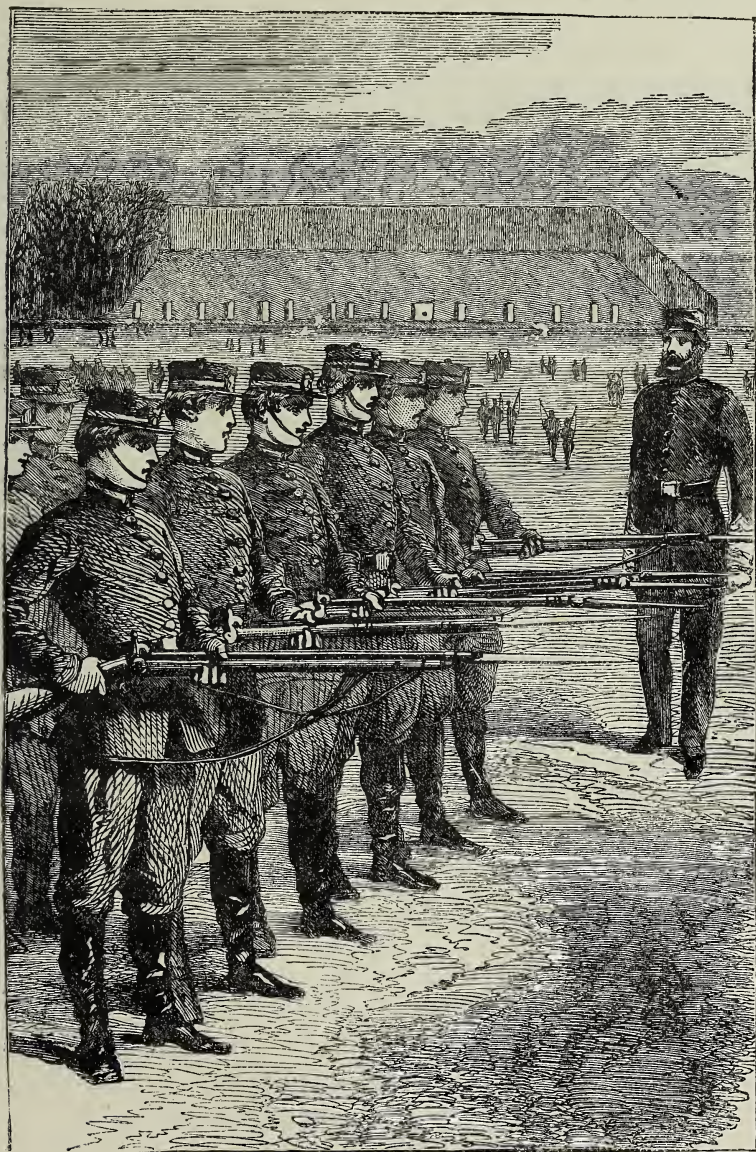
THE WOMBAT.

An Australian animal whose flesh is good to eat.



THE ICHNEUMON.

A very useful animal that destroys the crocodile's eggs.



YOUNG RIFLEMEN AT DRILL.



TOO LATE FOR THE CITY,

OR ALL IN A HURRY.

TO all of us people 'twas father outspake,
"You're never in time if a fuss I don't make;
There's nine o'clock striking as plain as can be,
And I should be off for the bonny ci-tee.

"Then fill up my cup as fast as you can,
And David, look out for the omnibus man ;
And give me my boots, child, and let me go free,
Or I shall be late for that dreadful ci-tee."



A CHARADE—(*In plain words.*)

FROM rosy gates we issue forth
From east to west, from south to north,
Unseen, unfelt, by night, by day,
Abroad we take our airy way.
We foster love and kindly strife,
The bitter and the sweet of life ;
Piercing and sharp we wound like steel,
Now, smooth as oil, those wounds we heal.
Not strings of pearls are valued more,
Nor gems encased in golden ore ;
Yet thousands of us every day
Worthless and vile are cast away.
Ye wise, secure with bars of brass
The double gates through which we pass ;
For, once escaped, back to our cell
Nor art, nor man, can us compel.

THE TRAGICAL STORY OF JAM-POT DAY.

NOW listen, good little children,
I'll tell you as best I may,—

A very terrible story,

The story of Jam-pot day.

'Twas mother had filled the jam-pots—

With gooseberry, damson, and plum—

And strawberry also, and currant,

For a store when Christmas should come.

And then in the store-room cupboard

She'd put them with care away,

And safely they might have stayed there,

Excepting for Jam-pot day.

There was Claude, and Davy, and Willic,

And fat little Tots also,

And Mary, who was the worst one,

For she was the eldest, you know.

They saw the cupboard half open,

And then they all five peeped in ;

If you look at fruit that's forbidden

You'll find your troubles begin.

They dragged the old chair from the corner,

And climbed upon it in haste ;

When they'd seen and they'd felt the jam-pots,

They quickly wanted to taste.

They put up the chair for a ladder
To climb to the jam-pot shelf,
And each little urchin struggled
To get a big pot for himself.

But just in the midst of the scramble,
Little Totty lisped out, "I thay,
I'll just get down, I'm thinking——
There's mammy coming dith way."

And down in a hurry they tumbled,
All rolling upon the floor;
And yet it wasn't their mammy,
It was conscience, and nothing more.

But oh, to see the jam-pots
All scattered upon the ground,
And to see the little ones whimper
As they all sat mournfully round!

And presently came a footstep
They all of them knew full well,
For this time it was their mammy:
You may fancy what then befell.

And I've heard that they all were punished
And sent to their beds away,
And so they've cause to remember
What happened on Jam-pot day.

SOME THINGS WORTH NOTING THAT
HAVE HAPPENED THIS YEAR.



EVERY year, as it goes by, brings with it some things that are worth remembering; and therefore, in concluding our little book of Merry Sunbeams, we wish to remind our young readers of some few of these things.

First of all, there has been the return of the Prince of Wales from India. The Prince had been a very long journey to see that great country, quite on the other side of the world, which forms part of the dominions ruled by his mother, our beloved Queen Victoria. Through many great cities he had passed, and had been welcomed with great rejoicings in all—by princes, and nobles, and mighty chiefs. All had been glad to see the son of the Queen of England—the Prince who, we hope, will one day rule over us and them. So they built triumphal arches, and made great preparations to welcome him; and in some places numbers of children came forth from the schools and greeted him with flowers and with songs. Costly presents were given to him in great numbers—jewels, and weapons, and costly stuffs; and so beautiful were many of these that they have been shown for a time in a museum in London, that the people might see and admire them, and might know how their Prince had been received in India. And leaving everywhere glad faces and loyal



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S RETURN FROM INDIA—LANDING AT PLYMOUTH.

hearts behind him, the Prince has returned, safe and sound, to his own little children, who, we may be sure, were waiting anxiously for him ; for you can fancy what it is to meet a beloved parent after an absence of many months.

Another interesting thing is a show that has been held, and what kind of show do you think ? Why, a doll show, at which prizes were given to those little girls who had made the neatest frocks, and cloaks, and hats, and other clothes for their dolls. And I think it is a very good thing that children should be encouraged to work neatly for their dolls, for the child that makes a neat dress for a doll now will be able to work for a little brother, or sister, or cousin, or perhaps to make clothes for poorer children, by-and-by.

And this reminds me that there has never been a time when so much has been done to show how little children are loved and cared for as now, for there are now hospitals, especially for children, where the poor little people who are sick and weak are cared for lovingly, and have not only everything given them to make them strong and well again, but plenty of toys also to while away the time they have to pass in bed. And this year, when a good and charitable lady, the wife of a good clergyman, died, it was resolved to build a new hospital in memory of her, that those who were tended and taken care of there might think of the gentle Lady Augusta Stanley.

In the great cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, the usual meeting of school-children has been kept. Many

thousands have marched from different parts of London, with the banners of their various schools, to take part in the service of the Church, and to sing, with one voice, the praises of God the Father, and of the Lord Jesus, who has told all men to suffer little children to come to him.

Last year a bold and brave company of sailors sailed away in two ships to the icy seas of the North, to find their way to the North Pole, where never ship has yet been; they have passed the winter in the dreary regions where, during many months, the sun does not shine at all, and where no blade of grass and no tree or flower can grow. But we hope before many months are over that these brave men will have finished their task, and that we shall welcome them home again.

Within the year all children have lost a dear friend—a friend who loved them every one, and who made it the work of all his life to write stories to entertain and instruct them, by teaching them everything that is right and good. Many years ago he wrote a story called “The Ugly Duckling,” in which he showed that it is not always the most beautiful who turn out best, and that real goodness will always show itself, sooner or later. This story was read all over the world, and every child who read it was pleased with it; and all wanted to have more stories from the good man who had written this. Now this was many years ago; and those who, as children, read “The Ugly Duckling” are now grown up, and many of them have children, and not a few have grandchildren, of their own; but ever since

that time the good man who wrote the story of "The Ugly Duckling" has been writing other, and many of them better, stories for children. His name, which is known all over the world, is Hans Christian Andersen; and I should advise every one of my young friends to read the beautiful books of tales and stories he has written. And so, with every good wish, I say "Good-bye for the present."



GOOD NIGHT TO ALL.

WARD, LOCK, & TYLER'S
 CATALOGUE
 OF
 JUVENILE BOOKS
 AND
 Illustrated Volumes
 FOR
 REWARDS AND PRESENTS.



ENTIRELY NEW EDITIONS.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

FAIRY TALES. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. With 100 Illustrations and Fourteen Coloured Pictures, and Life of the Author. In One handsome Volume, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

HANS ANDERSEN'S STORY BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 1s. each:—

1. THE CHRISTMAS TREE.
2. THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.
3. THE WILLOW TREE.
4. THE SILENT BOOK.
5. THE LITTLE MERMAID.
6. THE SILVER SHILLING.

7. THE SNOW QUEEN.
8. THE ICE MAIDEN.
9. LITTLE IDA'S FLOWERS.
10. LITTLE TUK.
11. WHAT THE MOON SAW.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

ANDERSEN'S POPULAR TALES FOR CHILDREN. With many full-page and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; with Coloured Illustrations, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

ANDERSEN'S STORIES FOR THE YOUNG. With many full-page and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; with Coloured Illustrations, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

BEETON'S "GOOD-AIM" SERIES.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

Paper wrapper, 9d.; or cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

The feature of this series of Books is to encourage in childhood a spirit of love, gentleness, and cheerfulness, while affording amusement and interest.

1. **THE ORIGINAL POEMS FOR CHILDREN.** By ANN and JANE TAYLOR.
2. **THE BASKET OF FLOWERS;** or, Piety and Truth Triumphant.
3. **ELLEN'S IDOL.** By the Author of "Tiny" and "Trotty's Book."
4. **TROTTY'S BOOK.** By E. STUART PHELPS.
5. **SERMONS ON THE WALL.** By JOHN TILLOTSON.
6. **GOLDY AND GOLDY'S FRIENDS.** By MARY DENSEL.
7. **THE ONE THING NEEDFUL;** or, Ethel's Pearls.
8. **I DON'T KNOW HOW.** By E. STUART PHELPS, Author of "The Gates Ajar."
9. **SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF CHILDREN.** By the Rev. J. B. SMITH.
10. **TINY.** By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
11. **TINY'S SUNDAY NIGHT.** By E. STUART PHELPS.
12. **THE ORPHAN BOY;** or, From Peasant to Prince.
13. **TOM, TOM, THE PRINTER'S SON.** A Boy's Story, Related by Himself.
14. **ONLY A DANDELION.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
15. **FOLLOW ME.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
16. **NEW YEAR'S BARGAIN.** By SUSAN COOLIDGE.
17. **IN THE BEGINNING;** or, From Eden to Canaan.
18. **CONQUERORS AND CAPTIVES;** or, From David to Daniel.
19. **THE STAR OF PROMISE;** or, From Bethlehem to Calvary.
20. **THE HISTORY OF THE ROBINS.** By Mrs. TRIMMER.
21. **HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.** By ANN and JANE TAYLOR.
22. **RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.** By ANN and JANE TAYLOR.

PICTURE A B C. (WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER'S.) With numerous Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 6d.

EASY STEPS FOR LITTLE LEARNERS. With Pretty Pictures. 8vo, cloth, 1s.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.



"OUR LITTLE ONES" LIBRARY.

ILLUSTRATED.

1. **LITTLE MISS MISCHIEF, AND OTHER STORIES.** By SUSAN COOLIDGE, Author of "The New Year's Bargain," "What Katy Did," &c. With Illustrations by ADDIE LEDYARD. An entirely New Work by SUSAN COOLIDGE. 3s. 6d.
2. **MORAL NURSERY TALES FOR CHILDREN.** By the Author of "The Golden Harp." 3s. 6d.
This little book contains Stories for Children, each inculcating a Lesson without obtruding it. The Stories have been chosen with a due regard to variety, and are fully illustrated.
3. **HOLIDAY HOUSE.** By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.
4. **THE STORY OF STORIES; or, Bible Narratives for the Young.** By MRS. LEATHLEY, Author of "Chickseed without Chickweed." Beautifully illustrated with full-page Engravings. 416 pages. 3s. 6d.
5. **THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF COUNTRY PLEASURES.** Sixteen Coloured and numerous other Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
6. **FANNY FERN'S NEW STORIES FOR CHILDREN.** By the Author of "Fern Leaves." Illustrated. 3s. 6d.
7. **GOOD OLD STORIES AND FAIRY TALES.** Told for the Hundredth Time by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. Eight Coloured and numerous other Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
8. **OLD NURSERY TALES AND FAMOUS HISTORIES.** Re-told by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. Illustrated with 8 Coloured and numerous other Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
9. **HARRY'S LADDER TO LEARNING.** Numerous plain Engravings, and 16 Coloured Plates. 5s.
10. **SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.** Coloured and other Illustrations. 5s.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

"OUR LITTLE ONES" LIBRARY—*continued.*

11. **HALF-HOURS WITH THE BIBLE**; or, Scripture Scenes and Characters; described in a simple and attractive form, suitable for Young People; beautifully and profusely Illustrated with Engravings. 5s.
12. **BRAVE OLD BALLADS (THE BOOK OF)**. With 16 Coloured Illustrations, from designs by John Gilbert. 5s.
"I never heard the old song of 'Percie and Douglas' that I found not my heart moved more than with the trumpet."—SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.
13. **NURSERY SONGS AND BALLADS**. Uniform with "Harry's Ladder." Eight Coloured Cuts and numerous Plain Illustrations. 5s.
14. **LITTLE MARY'S NURSERY STORY BOOK**. Imp. 16mo, numerous Illustrations. 5s.
15. **NURSERY TALES AND STORIES**. Uniform with "Songs for the Little Ones." Eight Coloured Cuts and numerous Plain Illustrations. 5s.
16. **PAPA'S PRETTY GIFT-BOOK FOR ALL GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS**. Enriched with numerous clever Engravings. 3s. 6d.
17. **NURSERY RHYMES, OLD AND NEW**. A collection of all the most favourite Nursery Rhymes, Jingles, and Stories: also many new ones, now for the first time printed. Imperial 32mo. Numerous clever and characteristic Illustrations. 5s.
18. **SHORT STORIES AND POEMS FOR CHILDREN**. Original and select, with numerous Wood Engravings. New and Revised Edition, 3s. 6d.



BEETON'S PENNY CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

As Elementary Books for Children, none will be found better calculated to meet the end in view. Every step of the way being made cheerful by Pictures, and the Lessons advancing by easy gradations, make this series full of attractions to young beginners.

1. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL A B C BOOK**. 28 pages. Comprising Alphabet of Animals, Alphabet of Objects, Small and Capital Letters, Script Letters, Alphabet of Country Life, All about the Alphabet told in Verse, &c. With 94 Illustrations.
2. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL SPELLING BOOK**. 24 pp. Comprising Easy Words of Two Letters to Words of Seven Syllables. 43 Illustrations.
3. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL PRIMER AND EASY WORD BOOK**. 24 pp. Comprising Easy Words and Easy Reading Lessons from Words of Two to Six Letters. 78 Illustrations.
4. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL READER**. 24 pp. Comprising Reading Lessons in Prose and Poetry of an interesting and Progressive Character. 21 Illustrations.
5. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND**. 28 pp. Comprising Lessons about English Kings, Chronologically Arranged. Also a List of the Kings and Queens of England, with the Dates when their Reigns began and ended. 46 Illustrations.
6. **BEETON'S PICTORIAL BIBLE HISTORY**. 28 pp. Comprising First Lessons from Bible History, from the Fall of Adam to the time of the Apostles. 39 Illustrations.



THE CHILD'S PICTURE BIBLE STORIES. Royal 8vo, 2d.; coloured, 3d.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. | 4. THE STORY OF THE MIGHTY MEN OF ISRAEL. |
| 2. FROM THE CREATION TO THE DELUGE. | 5. THE HISTORY OF DAVID. |
| 3. THE HISTORY OF ABRAHAM, ISAAC, AND JACOB. | 6. THE APOSTLES AND OUR SAVIOUR'S TEACHING. |



THE "LITTLE PET" SERIES.

The Cheapest Series of Children's Books ever Published.
Price 2s. 6d. each, Illustrated.

1. **OUR LITTLE PET'S OWN PICTURE BOOK.** With numerous illustrations, especially adapted for Children.
2. **NEW COMICAL NURSERY RHYMES AND STORIES TO MAKE LITTLE CHILDREN LAUGH.** Numerous characteristic engravings.
3. **PRETTY LITTLE LESSONS FOR PRETTY LITTLE CHILDREN.** Illustrated with 250 pretty pictures.
4. **EASY TALES AND PLEASANT STORIES FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.** Embellished with upwards of 200 engravings.
5. **BIBLE SKETCHES FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS,** adapted for juvenile reading. With numerous illustrations.
6. **SACRED READINGS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.** Selected from the Old Testament. With numerous engravings.
8. **THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF PICTURES, TALES, AND POETRY.** 192 pp., numerous pictures, engraved title and frontispiece, cloth gilt, plates.
9. **FAVOURITE NURSERY RHYMES FOR NURSERY FAVOURITES.** Full of funny pictures.
10. **MERRY RHYMES AND STORIES FOR MERRY LITTLE LEARNERS.** With numerous laughable pictures.
11. **LITTLE FANNY'S NURSERY PICTURE BOOK.** Super-royal 16mo, numerous coloured illustrations.

BIBLE STEPS FOR LITTLE PILGRIMS; or, Scripture Stories for Little Folks. Beautifully illustrated with 16 Coloured Pictures and Engravings in the text. Imperial 16mo, handsomely bound in cloth gilt, 5s.

SACRED STORIES FOR SUNDAY HOURS; or, Scripture Narratives from the Old Testament. With Coloured Pictures. Imperial 16mo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD; or, The Story of Jesus and His Apostles, for the Young. With Coloured Pictures. Imperial 16mo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.



THE GIRL'S FAVOURITE LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d. Each Volume well Illustrated.

These are all books which have gained a reputation for containing deep interest and amusement with pleasantly-conveyed instruction. They are really "favourites;" books which girls will read and preserve as indispensable to the Library of the School or the Home.

1. **FIFTY CELEBRATED WOMEN;** their Virtues and Failings, and the Lessons of their Lives. Illustrated with numerous Engravings on Wood.
2. **EVENINGS AT HOME;** or, The Juvenile Budget Opened. Consisting of a variety of Miscellaneous Pieces, for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons. By Dr. AIKEN and Mrs. BARBAULD.
3. **FERN LEAVES FROM FANNY'S PORTFOLIO.** First and Second Series, Complete. Beautifully Illustrated with Page and other Engravings.
4. **BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.** A New Edition, with a Memoir, Illustrated with 100 Engravings by the Brothers DALZIEL.
5. **ORANGE BLOSSOMS.** A Book for all who have worn, are wearing, or are likely to wear them. Edited by T. S. ARTHUR. With Illustrations.
6. **JULAMERK;** or, The Converted Jewess. By the Author of "Naomi."
7. **MARTYRS OF CARTHAGE;** or, the Christian Converts. A Tale of the Times of Old.
8. **MARGARET CATCHPOLE, THE SUFFOLK GIRL.** By the Rev. R. COBBOLD.
9. **MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.** By CATHERINE SINCLAIR.
10. **MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.** By SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD.
12. **FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD, AND A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.** By the Author of the "The Gayworthys."
13. **LITTLE WOMEN AND GOOD WIVES.** Being Stories for Girls. By Miss L. M. ALCOTT.
14. **THE LAMPLIGHTER.** By Miss CUMMING. Illustrated.
17. **UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.** By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Illustrated.
20. **THE SCHOOL GIRL IN FRANCE.** By Miss MCCRINDELL.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.



BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS From this World to That Which is to Come. By JOHN BUNYAN. With a Memoir of the Author, by W. H. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With 100 page and other Illustrations by Thomas Dalziel, and engraved by the Brothers Dalziel.

This Volume is full of chaste and beautiful Engravings, contains the entire text, printed in clear, large type, and is bound in a style of surpassing excellence. 4to, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.; Ditto, ditto, plain edges, 7s. 6d. Post 8vo Editions, printed on toned paper, extra cloth gilt, and gilt edges, with 100 Illustrations by the Brothers Dalziel, 3s. 6d. In cloth gilt, bevelled boards, with 100 Illustrations by the Brothers Dalziel, 2s. 6d.

*** The Cheapest and Best Editions Published.

CHILD'S (THE) POPULAR FAIRY TALES. Sixteen Coloured and other Illustrations by DALZIEL BROTHERS. Imperial 16mo, 420 pp., large type, cloth extra, red edges, 5s.

CONTENTS:—Tom Thumb, The Three Bears, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, Robin Hood, Puss in Boots, Jack and the Bean Stalk, The Sleeping Beauty, Little Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant Killer, Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, Little Goody Two Shoes, Aladdin.

CHILD'S (THE) BOOK OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH. Comprising One Hundred and Two Lessons in Words and Phrases, French and English, line for line. With Reading Book of Simple Stories in French, for the use of Children of both sexes, from Six to Twelve years old. Appropriately Illustrated with Designs, which, of themselves, form Models for Drawing. Imperial 16mo, cloth gilt, 5s.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

All in uniform cloth, gilt bindings, folio and 4to, cloth gilt bindings, each 5s.

3. **CHILD'S (THE) OWN BOOK OF SCRIPTURE PICTURES, OLD TESTAMENT.**
4. **CHILD'S (THE) OWN BOOK OF SCRIPTURE PICTURES, NEW TESTAMENT.**
5. **CHILDREN'S (THE) PICTURE GALLERY.**
6. **PRETTY PAGE (THE) SCRAP BOOK.**
7. **CHILD'S (THE) PICTORIAL MUSEUM OF BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.**
8. **HOLIDAY PICTURE BOOK (THE).**
9. **PRETTY COLOURED PICTURE BOOK (THE).**
10. **LITTLE FOLKS' BEAUTY PICTURES.**
12. **AUNT FANNY'S PRETTY PICTURE BOOK** (mounted on cloth).
13. **AUNT FANNY'S NURSERY TALES AND RHYMES** (mounted on cloth).
16. **LITTLE TINY'S PICTURE BOOK** (mounted on cloth).

—♦—

BIBLE STEPS FOR LITTLE PILGRIMS. In Separate Books. Imp. 16mo, in coloured wrapper, 6d. each.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. THE STORY OF THE CREATION AND THE DELUGE. 2. THE STORY OF ABRAHAM, ISAAC, AND JACOB. 3. THE STORY OF JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS. 4. THE STORY OF MOSES. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5. THE STORY OF THE JUDGES. 6. THE STORY OF DAVID. 7. THE STORY OF THE PROPHETS. 8. THE LIFE OF JESUS. 9. STORIES OF THE PARABLES. 10. STORIES OF THE MIRACLES. 11. STORIES OF THE APOSTLES. |
|--|--|

PICTURE BOOKS.

- AUNT FANNY'S PICTURE PRESENT BOOK.** 4to, cloth gilt, 5s.
- AUNT FANNY'S PRETTY PICTURE BOOK.** Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; mounted on strong linen, 5s.
- AUNT FANNY'S NURSERY TALES AND RHYMES.** Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; mounted on strong linen, 5s.
- CHILD'S FAMOUS PICTURE BOOK.** Folio, cloth plain, 3s.
- THE ANIMAL PICTURE BOOK FOR KIND LITTLE PEOPLE.** Containing large and beautifully Coloured Pictures by the best Artists. Folio, cloth plain, 3s. 6d.
- PAPA'S PRETTY GIFT BOOK FOR ALL GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.** Imp. 16mo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
- THE BOOK OF ANIMALS.** By HARRISON WEIR. Cloth, 3s. 6d.
- WILD ANIMALS AND THEIR HOMES.** Imperial 8vo, with large Coloured Illustrations, and Descriptive Text, in clear type. Cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.
- DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND THEIR HABITS.** With large Coloured Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.



BEETON'S BOY'S OWN LIBRARY.

Price 5s. each; or 6s. gilt edges, Plates and Illustrations, and Coloured Frontispiece.

*** The best set of Volumes for Prizes, Rewards, or Gifts to English Lads. They have all been prepared by MR. BEETON with a view to their fitness in manly tone and handsome appearance for Presents for Youth.*

1. **STORIES OF THE WARS.** By JOHN TILLOTSON.
2. **A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE BARONS' WARS;** or, *How I Won my Spurs.* EDGAR.
3. **CESSY AND POICTIERS.** EDGAR.
4. **RUNNYMEDE AND LINCOLN FAIR.** EDGAR.
5. **WILD SPORTS OF THE WORLD.** GREENWOOD.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

BOY'S OWN LIBRARY—continued.

6. CURIOSITIES OF SAVAGE LIFE. JAMES GREENWOOD.
7. HUBERT ELLIS, a Story of King Richard the Second's Days.
8. DON QUIXOTE. 300 Illustrations.
9. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.
10. ROBINSON CRUSOE.
11. SILAS THE CONJURER.
12. SAVAGE HABITS AND CUSTOMS. By J. GREENWOOD.
13. REUBEN DAVIDGER. By J. GREENWOOD.
14. BRAVE BRITISH SOLDIERS AND THE VICTORIA CROSS.
15. ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS. By W. J. BRODERIP, F.R.S.
16. WILD ANIMALS IN FREEDOM AND CAPTIVITY.
18. THE WORLD'S EXPLORERS, including the Discoveries of Livingstone and Stanley.
19. THE MAN AND THE MONKEYS; or, Ninety Days in Apeland.
Illustrated by G. Doré.
20. GOLDEN AMERICAS. By JOHN TILLOTSON.

*JULES VERNE'S STARTLING STORIES.*

With Coloured Illustrations. New Editions, crown 8vo, wrapper, 1s. ; cloth gilt, 2s.

1. A JOURNEY INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH. By JULES VERNE.
2. THE ENGLISH AT THE NORTH POLE. By JULES VERNE.
3. THE ICE DESERT. By JULES VERNE.
4. FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON. By JULES VERNE.
5. THE MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT. By JULES VERNE.
6. ON THE TRACK. By JULES VERNE.
7. AMONG THE CANNIBALS. By JULES VERNE.
8. TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. By JULES VERNE. Part I.
9. TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. By JULES VERNE. Part II.
10. FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON. By JULES VERNE.

With three Coloured Pictures to each Volume.

JULES VERNE'S STORIES—DOUBLE VOLUMES. Crown 8vo, picture boards, 2s. ; cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. ; cloth gilt, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

1. THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HATTERAS. By JULES VERNE. Containing "The English at the North Pole," and "The Ice Desert." With Coloured Illustrations.
2. TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. By JULES VERNE. Containing First and Second Series. With Coloured Illustrations.

London : Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.



DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS, with upwards of 200 Pictures, drawn by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., J. TENNIEL, J. D. WATSON, K. B. HOUGHTON, G. J. PINWELL, and T. DALZIEL, together with initial letters, ornamental borders, &c., &c. Engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. In one handsome volume, 840 pp., 15s.; elegantly bound in bevelled boards, full gilt sides, back and edges, 21s. The text emended by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

TOY BOOKS.

WARWICK HOUSE TOY BOOKS. Large 4to, in attractive wrapper, 1s.; those marked * are mounted on strong cloth, 2s. :—

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. DOMESTIC ANIMALS. 2. HOME AND FIELD ANIMALS. *3. NURSERY SONGS AND BALLADS. *7. ADVENTURES WITH ANIMALS. 8. THE PICTURE ROBINSON CRUSOE. *9. THE CHILDREN'S HOUSEHOLD PETS. *10. THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE ALPHABET. *12. THE NAUGHTY PUPPIES. *13. A. B. C. OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS. *14. A. B. C. OF PRETTY COUNTRY SCENES. *15. THE NURSERY PICTURE GALLERY AND CHILD'S OWN PICTURE COLOUR BOOK. *16. MASTER MOUSE'S SUPPER PARTY; Showing how when Puss is away the Mice will Play. With most amusing Illustrations, executed by KRONHEIM in his Best style. *17. AMUSING MAZES, A SET OF PUZZLE PICTURES. Beautiful Illustrations, in Colours, by LEIGHTON BROS. *18. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. New Pictures. *19. LITTLE ALFRED'S VISIT TO WOMBWELL'S MENAGERIE; Showing the Menagerie, with other Large Pictures of Various Animals. 20. THE LITTLE CHATTERBOX. Designs by FRÖLICH. Eight Engravings in Colours. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 21. MASTER TOM'S TRANSFORMATION. Designs by FRÖLICH. 16 Engravings in Colours. 22. MASTER CÆSAR. Designs by FRÖLICH. Twelve Engravings in Colours. 23. MASTER HECTOR'S ADVENTURE. Designs by FRÖLICH. Eight Engravings in Colours. *24. PUSS IN BOOTS. *25. THE DISCONTENTED BOY. *26. MAMA'S NEW PICTURE ALPHABET. *27. A. B. C.—BRAVE DEEDS. *28. HOLIDAY ALPHABETS. *29. THE A. B. C. OF ANIMAL LIFE. *30. THE FAIRY WELL; or, The Little Brother and Sister. *31. MISS MOUSE'S WEDDING AND BALL. 32. THE NURSERY ARTIST; or, The Little Picture Maker. 1st Series. 33. Do. Do. 2nd Series. 34. Do. Do. 3rd Series. 35. Do. Do. 4th Series. 36. HOW TO MAKE A PICTURE BOOK; or, Nursery Puzzle Tales. *37. NURSERY RHYMES AND RIGMAROLES. *38. ANIMALS AND THEIR USES. *39. THE THREE FRIENDS OF MAN. 40. ALPHABET OF FAVOURITE ANIMALS. 41. A B C OF NURSERY RHYMES. 42. COCK ROBIN. |
|---|---|

* * This unparalleled series of Toy Books contains exquisite Coloured Pictures, which will alone commend them to every Household. The subjects will please every child, and the variety shown by the titles is sufficient for every taste.

AUNT FANNY'S SIXPENNY TOY BOOKS. Royal 8vo, wrapper.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. THE TWO PUPPIES. 2. THE CUNNING FOX. 3. THE BOYS AND THE GIANT. 4. DICK DOLITTLE, THE IDLE SPARROW. 5. ALPHABET OF ANIMALS. 6. AUNT FANNY'S A B C. 7. COCK ROBIN. 8. NURSERY RHYME ALPHABET. 9. AUNT FANNY'S NURSERY RHYMES. 10. NAUGHTY CHICKENS. 11. PUNCH AND JUDY. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 12. OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. 13. THE BOOK OF ANIMALS. 14. THREE LITTLE KITTENS. 16. LITTLE MISS TOTTIE'S TRAVELS. 17. LITTLE MISS TOTTIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER STORIES. 18. LITTLE MISS TOTTIE AND HER FRIENDS. 19. ALPHABET OF TOYS. 20. ALPHABET OF GAMES. |
|---|---|

Except Nos. 16, 17, and 18, mounted on strong cloth, 1s.

AUNT AFFABLE'S TWOPENNY SERIES OF PRETTY PLAY BOOKS. Royal 8vo, coloured wrappers, plain, 2d.; coloured, 3d.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. THE A B C BOOK. 2. A B C OF OBJECTS. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 3. DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN. 4. CHILD'S PICTURE BOOK OF ANIMALS. |
|--|---|



BEETON'S BOY'S PRIZE LIBRARY.

As prizes for Young Gentlemen, Birthday Gifts, or Anniversary Rewards.

Edited by S. O. BEETON.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 5s. ; gilt edges, 6s.

1. **BEETON'S FACT, FICTION, HISTORY, AND ADVENTURE.** Containing: *Cressy and Poictiers*, by the late J. G. EDGAR (Illustrated). *Papers on Natural History*, by the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A. (Illustrated). *The Adventures of Reuben Davidger, a Tale*, by JAMES GREENWOOD (Illustrated). *Scientific Articles* (Illustrated), &c., &c. 1,110 pp.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

BEETON'S BOY'S PRIZE LIBRARY—continued.

2. **BEETON'S HISTORICAL ROMANCES, DARING DEEDS, AND ANIMAL STORIES.** Containing: Runnymede and Lincoln Fair, by the late J. G. EDGAR (Illustrated). Antony Weymouth; or, The Gentlemen Adventurers, by WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON (Illustrated). The Zoological Gardens, by the Rev. J. G. WOOD (Illustrated). King Lion (Illustrated). Sports and Pastimes (Illustrated). Poetry, Puzzles, &c. &c. 1,104 pp.
3. **BEETON'S BRAVE TALES, BOLD BALLADS, AND TRAVELS BY SEA AND LAND.** Containing: Historical Stories, by W. H. D. ADAMS. Hubert Ellis, Ingonyama, the Caffre Chief, by Captain DRAYSON. Highland Regiments as they Once Were. King of Trumps. Poems by BERANGER, &c., &c. 1,088 pp.
4. **BEETON'S TALES OF CHIVALRY.** School Stories, Mechanics at Home, and Exploits of the Army and Navy. 888 pages, with Twenty-three full-page Engravings, on toned paper, and nearly 300 woodcuts.
5. **BEETON'S HERO SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AND EXPLORERS.** Gymnastics, Telegraphy, Fire Arms, &c. 1,088 pages, with Fifty full-page Engravings on toned paper, and numerous Woodcuts.
6. **BEETON'S FAMOUS VOYAGES, BRIGAND ADVENTURES, TALES OF THE BATTLEFIELD, &c.** Illustrated by separate Plates and numerous Woodcuts inserted in the Text.
7. **BEETON'S VICTORIOUS ENGLISH SEA STORIES, TALES OF ENTERPRISE AND SCHOOL LIFE.** Illustrated by separate Plates and numerous Woodcuts in the Text.

THE BOY'S FAVOURITE LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d. Each volume well illustrated.

Boys love to read the records of adventurous deeds, to trace the careers of brave and good lads who have attained to eminence, and to be told of wonderful natural objects. The volumes in this series furnish the literary food most acceptable to intelligent and spirited boys, and most calculated to develop their best qualities.

1. **THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD,** in Earth, Sea, and Sky.
2. **FIFTY CELEBRATED MEN.**
3. **ROBINSON CRUSOE.** By DANIEL DE FOE.
4. **SANDFORD AND MERTON.** By THOMAS DAY.
5. **A BOY'S LIFE ABOARD SHIP,** as it is told by Himself.
6. **LIFE IN A WHALER;** or, Perils and Adventures in the Tropical Seas. By SAILOR CHARLEY.
7. **GREAT INVENTORS;** the Sources of their Usefulness, and the Results of their Efforts.
8. **HOUSEHOLD STORIES.** Collected by the Brothers GRIMM.
9. **THE MARVELS OF NATURE;** or, Outlines of Creation. By ELISHA NOYCE. With 400 Engravings by the Brothers DALZIEL.
10. **THE BOY'S BOOK OF INDUSTRIAL INFORMATION.**
11. **FAMOUS BOYS,** and how they became Famous Men. By the Author of "Clever Boys."
12. **THE TRIUMPHS OF PERSEVERANCE AND ENTERPRISE.**
13. **EDGAR'S CRUSADES AND CRUSADERS.**
14. **THE MERCHANT'S CLERK;** or, Mark Wilton. A Book for Young Men. By the Rev. C. B. TAYLER, M.A.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

BOY'S FAVOURITE LIBRARY—*continued.*

Price 3s. 6d. per Volume.

15. **SAILOR HERO**; or, The Frigate and the Lugger. With Illustrations. By Captain F. C. ARMSTRONG.
16. **CRUISE OF THE DARING**. A Tale of the Sea. With Illustrations. By Captain F. C. ARMSTRONG.
17. **PYROTECHNY**; or, The Art of Making Fireworks. With 124 Illustrations of Forms and Diagrams for Manufacture and Exhibition.
18. **MONT BLANC, A BOY'S ASCENT OF**. By ALBERT SMITH. Illustrated. With a Memoir of the Author, by EDMUND YATES.
19. **POE'S TALES OF MYSTERY, IMAGINATION, AND HUMOUR.**
20. **BOY'S BOOK OF MODERN TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE**. By MEREDITH JOHNES.
21. **ANTONY WAYMOUTH**; or, The Gentlemen Adventurers. By WILLIAM H. KINGSTON.

BEETON'S PICTORIAL SPELLER, comprising Alphabets, Words of from Two to Ten Letters, Easy Words, Moral Stories, Stories from English History, Bible Stories, &c. The cheapest Illustrated Spelling Book published. 196 pages, and 430 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth plain, 1s.

"The book deserves a cordial success."—LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

"The illustrations, the plan, and the selections are excellent."—LIMERICK REPORTER.

GOLDEN CHILDHOOD. Full of beautiful Pictures, pretty Stories, Songs for the Little Ones, Fairy Tales, Nursery Rhymes, with Music for the Pianoforte. With a set of Paper Patterns for a Complete Dolly's Outfit. Imp. 16mo, picture boards, 2s. 6d. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. Extra Edition, gilt edges, with Coloured Pictures, 5s.

MERRY SUNBEAMS ("GOLDEN CHILDHOOD" ANNUAL for 1877). The Book contains Charming Pictures, Pretty Stories, Fairy Tales, Children's Songs, with Music, &c. In picture boards, 3s. Handsomely bound in cloth, with chromo frontispiece, 5s. The Five Shilling Edition (handsomely bound in cloth) contains a large Chromo Frontispiece.

* * * The success which last year attended the publication of the "Golden Childhood" Annual has encouraged the Publishers to make this Volume, by the aid of expensive engravings and skilful editing, still more attractive and entertaining to the little ones for whom it is intended.

DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED GOLDSMITH. Comprising the Vicar of Wakefield, The Traveller, The Deserted Village, The Haunch of Venison, The Captivity: an Oratorio, Retaliation, Miscellaneous Poems, The Good-Natured Man, She Stoops to Conquer, and a Sketch of the Life of Oliver Goldsmith, by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. Illustrated with 100 Pictures, drawn by G. J. PINWELL, engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Complete in one volume, quarto, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.; in bevelled boards, full gilt sides and edges, 10s. 6d.

DRAWING BOOKS.

Illustrated Educational Works. For Schools and Families. Compiled by R. S. BURN. Demy 8vo, bound in cloth, 2s. each.

1. **DRAWING BOOK**. 300 Illustrations.
2. **ARCHITECTURAL, ENGINEERING, AND MECHANICAL DRAWING BOOK**. 300 Illustrations.
3. **STEAM ENGINE (THE)**. 310 Illustrations.
4. **MECHANICS AND MECHANISM**. 250 Illustrations.
5. **ORNAMENTAL DRAWING AND ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN**. 300 Illustrations.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE HOME TREASURE LIBRARY.

New and handsome Volumes, each containing Four Coloured Illustrations, price 3s. 6d. each.

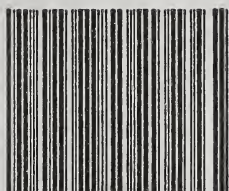
1. **SHILOH**; or, Without and Within. By Mrs. W. M. L. JAY.
2. **THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID.** By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
3. **MISS EDGEWORTH'S MORAL TALES.**
4. **MISS EDGEWORTH'S POPULAR TALES.**
5. **THE THRONE OF DAVID.** By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
6. **THE PILLAR OF FIRE.** By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
7. **ANNA LEE**: the Maiden, the Wife, and the Mother. By T. S. ARTHUR.
8. **THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.** By Miss WETHERELL.
9. **QUEECHY.** By Miss WETHERELL.
10. **MELBOURNE HOUSE.** By Miss WETHERELL.
11. **SCEPTRES AND CROWNS**, and **THE FLAG OF TRUCE.** By Miss WETHERELL.
12. **THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY.** By Mrs. SHERWOOD.
13. **STEPPING HEAVENWARD**, and **AUNT JANE'S HERO.** By E. PRENTISS.
14. **MABEL VAUGHAN.** By the Author of "The Lamplighter."
15. **DUNALLAN.** By GRACE KENNEDY.
16. **FATHER CLEMENT.** By GRACE KENNEDY.
17. **HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.** By Mrs. W. M. L. JAY.

THE ROSE LIBRARY.

Fcap. 8vo, wrapper, each, 1s.; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.; cloth gilt, gilt edges, 2s.

1. **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A £5 NOTE.** By Mrs. J. B. WEBB.
2. **ZENON, THE ROMAN MARTYR.** By Rev. R. COBBOLD, Author of "Margaret Catchpole."
3. **THE PILGRIMS OF NEW ENGLAND.** By Mrs. J. B. WEBB.
4. **MARY ANN WELLINGTON.** By the Author of "Margaret Catchpole."
5. **THE HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY.** By Mrs. SHERWOOD.
6. **SCEPTRES AND CROWNS.** By the Author of "Wide, Wide World."
7. **NIDWORTH, AND HIS THREE MAGIC WANDS.** By Mrs. PRENTISS, Author of "Stepping Heavenward," &c.
8. **FRESTON TOWER.** By the Author of "Margaret Catchpole," &c.
9. **THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE**; or, Sir Edward Graham. Sequel to "Holiday House." By CATHERINE SINCLAIR.
10. **JANE BOUVERIE, AND HOW SHE BECAME AN OLD MAID.**
11. **MODERN FLIRTATIONS.** By CATHERINE SINCLAIR.
12. **STAR AND CLOUD.** By A. S. ROE.
13. **NELLIE OF TRURO.** A Tale from Life.
14. **THE NUN.** By Mrs. SHERWOOD.

London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row, E.C.



80025 75540

100

